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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	733
THE LESSON OF PERSIA	736
STEEL STALEMATE	737
GROWERS AND GREENGROCERS	737
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	738
THIS ENGLAND	739
ROCKING THE BOAT. By Sagittarius	739
SOUTH OF THE LINE. By Basil Davidson	739
THE GYPSY PROBLEM. By C. H. Rolph	740
CLOTH TO CUE. By Aylmer Vallance	742
DE LUXE. By Arthur Marshall	744
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Brobdingnag. By John Berger	744
Glyndebourne. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	745
The Movies. By William Whitebait	746
Radio Notes. By William Salter	746
CORRESPONDENCE	747
From R. E. Dove; K. J. Lander; D. T. Bowers; Hubert Butler; M. Rieger; Tai Solarin; W. J. Jordan; Cecil Woolf; Lady Selwyn-Clarke.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By A. J. P. Taylor	749
MARE NOSTRUM. By Anne Ridler	750
REVIEWS:	Page
When the Head Betrays the Heart. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.	750
Hell. By V. S. Pritchett	752
Nature and Poetry. By Norman Nicholson	752
Applied Psychoanalysis. By A. D. Harris	753
New Novels. By John Raymond	753
Eighteenth-century Parson. By Philip Magnus	754
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	755
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	755
CHESS. By Assiac	756

The Argument for Peace

THE time has come to end the Korean war. A year of butchery has produced a military stalemate, wrecked the Korean peninsula and inflicted immense sufferings upon the Korean people. The U.N. forces have decisively repelled the attack upon South Korea and now command the strategic triangle in front of the 38th Parallel. A heavy price has been paid by the North Koreans and by the Chinese, and the original purpose of the U.N. intervention has been achieved. The plain fact is that no one can foresee the end if the war is continued. The mad folly of Synghman Rhee's desire to push on to the Yalu River is evident; but if the U.N. armies mark time, and if the Chinese are unable to throw them back, the alternatives are either that the war may spread from the bloody deadlock in Korea to the Chinese mainland, or that we may achieve a negotiated peace.

Mr. Malik's anniversary proposal for a cease-fire was timed with care, and both the elaborate preparations for his broadcast and the treatment which his speech is receiving in the Soviet press suggest that it was intended as something much more important than a routine propaganda manœuvre. It may, indeed, mark a decisive turn in Soviet policy. He was clearly speaking *ex cathedra*: in phrase and emphasis his statement bore the hallmark of official Kremlin policy. For all the customary indictment of the warmongering West and the insistence upon the peaceful intentions of the Soviet bloc, the speech had a fresh and different tone. The resurrection of the 1932 interview with Stalin, with its denial of the inevitability of war between Russia and America, contrasts sharply with the gloomy picture of an America bent on an imperialist war that has been the recent stand-by of Soviet diplomats. And the renewed insistence that "peaceful co-existence" is possible—an old theme that comes out of cold-storage—is more in the tradition of Litvinov than of Molotov. Not incidentally, but as a climax to what seems the most sincere Soviet plea for peace that has been heard in a long time, Mr. Malik proposed that a first attempt to ease international tension should begin where the tension is worst—in Korea.

Accompanying this speech there have been other signs that the Kremlin is anxious to reach a *modus vivendi*. For *Pravda* has been writing of the need for an overall settlement, and has reported the reception of Mr. Malik's broadcast with unusual accuracy and interest. It has even taken Mr. Truman's indirect and cautious reply at Tullahoma to imply support for a cease-fire—a sharp change from the treatment it has accorded the President in recent years. From Peking there comes a theoretical article by Mme Sun, also urging the need for "peaceful co-existence" and a revival, for mutual economic aid in peace, of the wartime unity of States with differing social systems. Finally, Peking's radio comments on the campaign have become subdued, and war reports have given place to broadcasts emphasising the flexibility of Marxist-Leninism and the need to recognise changes in the political situation.

It is too early to draw startling conclusions from all this. But it would be foolish to ignore the distinct change that has come over the Communist line. The war of attrition in Korea has perhaps achieved its purpose. For some time there have been reports that Peking has sought military assistance for the Korean campaign from the U.S.S.R. This request faced the Kremlin with the choice either of accepting a new direct commitment or of sponsoring a cease-fire. Peking and Moscow may have decided that should the Korean war continue the American Government will be driven into a blockade, bombing and full-scale war against China. Again, Russia would face a wider war. Or it may be that careful study in Moscow of the Senate inquiry transcripts has shown the Russians that the divisions about policy in Washington are real, and that it would be a "Left sectarian" error to write off the American ruling-class as a homogeneous group bent on aggressive war to preserve U.S. capitalism. We can only speculate about the Kremlin's motives. But that is no reason to dismiss the Kremlin's offer without testing it.

If the Soviet Union is ready to sponsor truce negotiations, the West must be equal to the occasion. The omission from Mr. Malik's speech of prior conditions for an armistice may mean nothing, though this is the first time such terms have been omitted. But if a truce can be arranged, on the understanding that such matters as the status of Formosa and Peking's claim to the seat on the Security Council can then be discussed without duress, a truce must be arranged. Certainly, to judge from Mr. Acheson's repeated statement that the war can be ended on the 38th Parallel, as the U.N. objectives have been achieved, the door is open to agreement, and the first task of the British Government must be to keep it open. This is the moment for a British initiative which can stop the fighting and start the talking. Time presses, and the chance may not come again. In the setting of the world situation, agreement on Korea will not itself bring peace and stability. But it would help. If a local war can be ended, a world war may yet be averted.

Gaitskell Strikes Again

It is clear from Mr. Gaitskell's important statement to the House last week on the economic prospects for 1952 and 1953 that the price, in economic terms, of the £4.7 million rearmament programme is going to be heavy. Cuts will fall most severely on the social services, the re-equipment of manufacturing industry (where a "Defence case" cannot be made out) and, inevitably, on the export of engineering goods. This last is particularly serious in that it will almost certainly lead both to a recurrence of our balance of payment problem and to a slowing down of the already inadequate flow of capital goods to the Colonies and other underdeveloped parts of the world.

The political difficulty about Mr. Gaitskell's statement is that it makes the issue in a sense harder to debate. There is a profound uneasiness in the Labour Movement, which will be keenly debated at the Party Conference, about the size of the programme and the method of financing it. By a statement of this kind which has the effect of tying the Government closely to details of the broad programme previously announced, the Chancellor makes the prospect of reasoned debate and compromise on the big issue less likely. This was no doubt partly his intention. But he will gain a Pyrrhic victory if he demonstrates, before the debate begins, that he is not prepared to give an inch of ground, no matter what the arguments against him, or what the feelings of his party.

Dr. Malan's Difficulties

Dr. Malan has been talking again about making South Africa into a Republic. It is only three or four months since he was telling us that Britain, by such steps as granting self-government to the Gold Coast, was "killing the Commonwealth"—a view, of course, to which most White men in South Africa seem to subscribe. Now he returns to the charge. The ties which bound together "the original members" of the Commonwealth are being dissolved, he says, by the admission of new members—of non-White members—who already include "three Asiatic countries" and may soon include such territories as Nigeria and the West Indies. Rather than belong to such a club, South Africa would prefer to resign. This familiar theme was accompanied by a no less familiar attack on the "unfairness of foreign comment" about South African affairs.

These attitudes are witness to Dr. Malan's own difficulties at home. As with all authoritarian parties—and the Nationalist Party is highly authoritarian in the content of its thought if not in the form of its organisation—Dr. Malan's party is far from behaving as a loyal and united team. To close Nationalist ranks behind them, Malan and his friends are now being pushed to find a more compelling slogan than mere *Apartheid*. If *Apartheid* helped the Nationalists to win the last general election, it will do little to help them win the next. The promises that *Apartheid* could "solve the racial problem" in South Africa are all seen now to be void and futile; and astute Nationalist politicians are looking round for something more attractive. Meanwhile, others have their eye on the party's leadership. Just as Hertzog left Smuts in the name of "Afrikaner nationalism," and Malan left Hertzog, so now Strydom, his most powerful rival in the Cabinet, is generally reputed to have begun to outflank Malan, who is being said to have become "too moderate." Once more the Nationalist Party reproduces "a purified wing" which claims to be able to go one better and, in going one better, to find the almost legendary "solution." On this occasion it looks as if the "going one better" involved agitation for a Republic, but that Malan, understanding the nature of the beast, has moved first.

Central Africans Against Federation

Closer acquaintance with the "experts' proposals" for the federal union of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland has confirmed earlier impressions. African opinion is already reported to be unanimous against them. And it is African opinion, in this case, which must be decisive, since the bulk of the White settlers of these territories have long agreed together upon the desirability of closer association. The African Congresses in each of the territories are now in the midst of a campaign of protest which is to close with a joint session; and it is reported that this conference will appeal to the United Nations.

There is nothing surprising in this. African opinion in these territories has been long aware of the implications of "closer association" with Southern Rhodesia. Loosely organised though they are, the African Congresses undoubtedly represent the great bulk of African opinion on this question; in Northern Rhodesia, furthermore, tens of thousands of Africans are now organised in powerful and self-confident trade unions which maintain close contact with the Northern Rhodesian African Congress. It is known that these trade unions—which include the greater part of African mining labour—would take strike action rather than accept federation with Southern Rhodesia—believing, as they do, that federation means ruin for them. It is already clear that these proposals, if they are accepted by Government and carried through, will open the way to civil unrest on a scale unprecedented in Central Africa.

A Farcical Manœuvre

By 37 votes to 3, the Unesco General Conference has decided to confirm Chiang's China as a member. It was not a question of admitting Peking China, but of removing a manifest absurdity. Chiang's China has defaulted in its Unesco payments to the tune of 2,113,000 dollars—a quarter of Unesco's annual budget. Challenging the credentials of the Chinese delegate, Dr. Radakrishnan, India's Ambassador to Moscow and delegate to Unesco, offered the sensible advice that the Chinese Nationalists should be quietly dropped and the door left ajar for the eventual entry of the People's Government. He questioned the statemanship of treating Peking as "outcast and untouchable" and then complaining that it did not behave as a respectable member of the community of nations. On the other hand, Sir John Maud, spokesman for the British Government, in terms scarcely appropriate to the Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation, named Peking as an aggressor, apologised (in effect) for Britain's *de facto* recognition on the grounds that it had been accorded "in expectation that it would not resort to "aggression", and insisted that the Chinese representation should not be changed. Britain, having abstained last year, this year voted to preserve the seat of the National Government which has neither the authority nor the finance to maintain it in membership. Then, to complete the farce, the Conference, under a rule passed only last year against defaulting members, had to bar the accepted Chinese delegate from voting, only to have his vote restored later by the Procedure Committee—this time against the vote of Britain!

The Rate for the Job

The Civil Service associations are up in arms about the Chancellor of the Exchequer's renewed refusal to introduce equal rates of pay for men and women doing the same work; and the National Conference of the Amalgamated Engineering Union has also registered a strong protest. As on previous occasions, the Chancellor accepted the principle, but declared the time still inopportune for its introduction. So in a sense it is; but when will the right time come? It is clear that a fresh round of wage-advances is beginning, and that the Government accepts this as unavoidable and hopes only to keep it within bounds that will not make nonsense of the calculations on which Mr. Gaitskell based his Budget. Would the introduction of equal pay in the Civil Service, for those women who are clearly doing the same work as men and are graded accordingly, really make all that difference? Obviously not: the real reason for the refusal is that the acceptance of the claim in the Civil Service would lead at once to intensified pressure from other groups—especially from the teachers, who already have equal pay in the Universities, but not in the schools. The Labour Party has been pledged for a long time now to the principle of "the rate for the job." It should surely begin to make good its promise before it faces the electorate again.

Prison Offenders

The White Paper on punishments in prisons and Borstals says too little of value for its size and potential importance, says it rather hesitantly, and is in some ways reactionary. True, its rather naive discovery that the tobacco traffic is the main cause of prison indiscipline produced the common-sense reaction that it is better to forestall the indiscipline than to increase the punishment. But how? Raise prison wages from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a week (with cigarettes at 3s. 6d. for twenty!). This kind of tinkering is useless. The whole system of prison wages needs re-assessment on the basis that, whatever reasonable wage you pay a prisoner, it can all be re-absorbed (if necessary) into the prison economy and leave him with the essential pound or two on his day of discharge. The White Paper, moreover, says that offenders against prison discipline should not be allowed legal representation when their cases are tried, despite (a) its own assertion that "only a lawyer would be able to give a prisoner the requisite assistance," and (b) the requirement of section (52) 2

of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, that every defaulter be given "a proper opportunity of presenting his case." And its much-publicised assertion that Borstal discipline has deteriorated is denied by the Prison Commissioners—who to-day are by no means a smug or self-satisfied body of persons. The Committee that compiled this rather prolix document is on firmer ground in calling for special institutions for aggressive youths who have spurned every effort to reclaim them at Borstal, and in recognising that it would be a denial of declared principles to call them Borstals.

French Election Aftermath

Our Paris Correspondent writes: As seen here, the elections have already had two sequels of international moment. First, as soon as it became no longer important to give the French electorate the idea that the Western Powers were "still trying," the moribund conference in the Palais Rose was given its *coup de grâce*. Secondly, there is a strong impression in Paris that the whole question of German rearmament will now be seriously taken up. Mr. McCloy is said to have taken to Washington a complete blueprint for a new Reichswehr; and de Gaulle and others are now speaking much more openly about including Spain in the Atlantic Pact.

In the domestic field, the caution shown by the Government during the election campaign has now been abandoned: public transport charges in Paris have already been raised again—they are now nearly twice what they were a year ago—and a further general increase of prices is expected. According to *Le Monde*, the Government has been making ends meet by drawing on funds earmarked for rearmament, and the gap will have to be filled. Drastic cuts in the social services are already openly advocated by the conservative Right, who are bound to form part of any possible Government majority.

If the Socialists and the Left wing of the M.R.P. oppose such proposals, then there is a possibility of the Right joining up with the Gaullists on terms that will be dictated by de Gaulle—unless, of course, pursuing their "lesser evil" policy, the moderate Left caves in to the Right in order to avoid a Gaullist-dominated Government. In either case the result, in terms of social welfare, will not be good for the French working class. The Right have a strong temptation to be tough with the manual workers: after all, they voted almost unanimously Communist, and the "sentimental" argument that social justice is the best antidote to Communism finds little favour with French conservatives.

In the "Third Force" grouping, the M.R.P., despite the drop in their poll from 27 per cent. to 12 per cent. of the total, will be fairly well represented in the Assembly; it seems clear that they lost most of their votes to the Gaullists. The Socialists, whose poll has fallen to just over 15 per cent. of the aggregate, and who are a noticeably ageing party, seem likely to have an even more difficult time in this Parliament than in the last.

As for de Gaulle, last Friday's press conference reminded one a little of Hitler in the early days of February, 1933. The General carefully refrained from saying anything which could be construed as an intention to "seize" power, and announced his firm intention to "work through Parliament . . . with anyone willing to help." In what? First, in revising the constitution and setting up a "Presidential" Republic. Secondly, in restoring rule by decree. Thirdly, in establishing his "capital-labour associations." His financial and economic programme seems as vague as ever, and he said nothing about outlawing the Communists; but he talked of the need for a referendum as part of the machinery of Government. Finally, he advocated a close military and economic alliance with Germany and the admission of Spain to the Atlantic Pact.

The impression one gained was that if de Gaulle does not expect to join the Government at once, he hopes to become indispensable after the Right and the Radicals have quarrelled with the Socialists and the Left wing of M.R.P. Ultimately much depends on American policy, since any French Government will have to rely largely on dollar subsidies. Will Washington prefer in France a more or less conservative Government which preserves at least some semblance of democracy, or one which throws all democratic conventions to the winds in order to be tough with the extreme Left? One theory is, that, if Washington considers war inevitable, it may prefer this second alternative.

Economics of Europe

A correspondent in Geneva writes: Political sparring at the sixth annual Session of the Economic Commission for Europe was on the whole more moderate than in the past. The Secretariat's *Survey* this year dealt mainly with the effects on the West of rearmament and consequent shortages; criticised sharply the *laissez faire* economic policies pursued by most Western governments; and had some unfavourable comments to make on stockpiling and other U.S. activities bearing on Europe's economy. Developments in the Soviet orbit, by comparison, received almost pass marks (". . . inflationary pressures arose in 1950 against a general background of rising living standards and, therefore, the disturbances were of limited scope"), although the paucity of statistics available from these countries precluded as thorough a treatment as that to which the West was subjected.

National reactions varied. While the representatives of France and Italy had prepared lengthy defences of their countries' policies and regretted the "patent errors" and "undue pessimism" of the *Survey*, Lord Henderson stated that its "historical sections . . . are, generally speaking, an admirable piece of analysis, and with the exception of one or two references to the United Kingdom . . . there is nothing of a factual character to which I have any exception to take." Mr. Milton Katz, for the U.S., deplored the *Survey's* "penny-dreadful approach" and held that its authors "have consistently erred on the pessimistic side" and "underestimated the ability of free Europe and the U.S. to meet the challenge of the economic and political problems facing them."

On the other side, Mr. Arutyunyan, the Soviet economist, selected a Russian proverb for his reply: "Don't blame the mirror if your own face is crooked." Eastern appraisal of the *Survey* was that its analysis of the situation in Western Europe was basically accurate but didn't go far enough; more attention should have been given to the plight of Western workers and the need to expand civilian, not arms, industries. Political broadsides were confined in the main to Hungarian and Albanian philippics against Yugoslavia.

On one point, at least, most delegates agreed—the desirability of another attempt at an East-West trade meeting this autumn, provided there were reasonable indications of success. To this end, Mr. Myrdal is now ascertaining whether member governments would be prepared to submit lists of import needs or export capabilities—understood to be a minimum prerequisite.

PARLIAMENT: Oil and Vinegar

Wednesday

PROVIDENCE, in Parliament, is irritatingly impartial. First, with the safe passage of the Finance Bill, it frowned on Mr. Churchill. For the rest of the week, it dictated that neither should Ministers sit at ease. Not a day has passed without reference to the Anglo-Iranian oil dispute. On Thursday, the House debated the question on an Opposition motion. In general, the debate alternated between the Government's expressed desire to defend British persons and the Opposition's to defend British property. For the most part, Members concerned themselves more with strategy than with oil. The Tories, aided by Gunter, saw the Shadow of the Bear darkening the field, and urged the Foreign Secretary to send troops—"even," said Duncan Sandys, "if it meant partitioning Persia, with British troops in the South and Russian in the North." Labour benches saw the U.S., rather than the U.S.S.R., as the sand in the oil can. Crossman and Stanley Evans joined in protest against American playing at "oil politics," which Evans, with a fine disregard of chemistry, described as "dynamite."

The debate touched hysteria during Herbert Morrison's reply. The Foreign Secretary said very little more than he had said before: the Government had requested the International Court for an interim injunction against Persian interference with the oil installations and had troops ready to move if British nationals were attacked. Having thirty minutes left to say nothing, Mr. Morrison used it up with a game in which he is practised—stirring up the Tories by an accusation of Nineteenth-century Imperialism. The trick worked. Legge Bourke was stung into flinging a penny at the Foreign Secretary and got himself removed from the Chamber. It all used time.

Tuesday's debate on Tshekedi Khama gave rise to much heart-searching, both by the Government's supporters and their Whips. By the Government's supporters, whether they could support the Government in excluding Tshekedi from his homeland without trial or offence. By the Whips, whether they could succeed in getting the sensitive across their consciences into the lobbies. For 1½ hours, Gordon-Walker wrestled with his supporters for their support—even to the old Parliamentary trick of a last-minute telegram from Tshekedi's tribe threatening to "scatter" if he returned. In the face of continued Labour uneasiness, he promised to call another tribal meeting which should decide Tshekedi's future—with two M.P.s to see fair play.

Labour Members persuaded themselves that this was a concession they could use to scatter doubts. Most effective of all the arguments was the unspoken one: that the Tory alliance with the Liberal motion was born rather from a sincere desire to see the Tories back in Westminster than Tshekedi back in Serowe—a conviction deepened by the sight of Lennox-Boyd, Alport and Julian Amery queueing to speak in defence of native liberties. Reduced to the simple issue between Churchill and Attlee, Labour Members moved slowly into the lobby; so slowly that three at least could not cross the floor in the seven minutes allowed for a division, and salved their consciences by having the doors shut in their faces. Despite abstensions, the Government had a majority of 21. Racial Imperialism for some Tories is an even greater inhibition than dislike of the Labour Government. Some 20 of them abstained, leading to the inevitable conclusion that, in the last resort, it is harder to get Tories to vote for freedom than to get Socialists to vote against it.

TOM WILLIAMS

The Lesson of Persia

THE debate in the House of Commons on the Persian crisis revealed the Cloud Cuckoo Land in which most Members of Parliament now live. Mr. Eden and his followers, in this case strangely supported by some back-bench Socialists, sternly demanded that the Government should use military force to keep the Persian oil running into the Anglo-Iranian tankers. That such an action would involve the invasion of an independent and friendly nation; that we should be resisted by a considerable Persian army, equipped with American fighting vehicles, and commanded by an American officer; that at least two British divisions would be required, sailing in an Armada of some 150 vessels—these simple military facts, it might be supposed, would be known to the Tory brigadiers who were chastising Mr. Morrison for his unwillingness to show the flag. But no! The Tory party still lives in the Golden Age of British Imperialism, when a couple of gunboats in the Persian Gulf and an Indian brigade at Basra were sufficient to discipline the "wogs."

What was disconcerting, if not surprising, was that quite a number of Labour Members seemed to have been infected with this pseudo-Palmerstonian madness. How skin-deep is the Englishman's—even the English Socialist's—belief in the Charter of the United Nations, when one of the lesser breeds without the law dares to challenge the Westerner's right to exploitation! We are now conducting a terrible "police action" in Korea in order to teach the North Koreans and the Chinese that aggressive war, even under extreme provocation, is a crime. But when the Persian Government decides to nationalise Anglo-Iranian, and Mr. Morrison refuses to commit aggression, his only support comes from two or three Left-wing Socialists! Granted that his first big speech as Foreign Secretary was a poor Parliamentary performance, it is very much to his credit that he stood up to the Jingo appeals and denounced as Nineteenth Century Imperialism the measures proposed by the Opposition for keeping a British hold on Persian oil.

So far, so good. The Government has turned down flat the demand for the occupation of the oil fields and the armed defence of the refinery. On Tuesday, Mr. Morrison, in announcing the movement to Abadan of the cruiser *Mauritius*, took pains to re-emphasise that troops would be used to protect British *lives*—that is, to cover a sea and air evacuation if British personnel are endangered either by rioting or by Dr. Moussadeq's new anti-sabotage law. Even this limited use of troops has its dangers. An armed withdrawal may involve clashes with the Persian units which are enforcing martial law throughout Abadan. But this is a risk which a British Government is bound to take.

Apparently Mr. Morrison hopes that the complete withdrawal of British personnel and of the tanker fleet will persuade the Persians to take a more moderate course. Certainly it will face Teheran with the problem of how to pay the Civil Service and the Army without the revenue derived from Anglo-Iranian. But an oil blockade is not a policy and it may actually aggravate the Persian determination to abstain from any rational negotiation. Sooner or later, in conjunction with the Americans, the French and the Dutch, we shall have to work out a policy for Middle Eastern oil. Up till now this task has been shirked, and this political inertia is costing us dear.

In order to formulate such a policy, the Governments and the oil companies will have to face one or two unpalatable facts. In the first place, the rate of profit considered normal in the oil world is sheer exploitation when imposed on backward countries whose oil is their only natural resource. Anglo-Iranian has been a good employer: it has not only paid its Persian employees well by Persian standards; it has built housing estates and hospitals, and it has educated a number of Persians to a level of technical proficiency high enough to enable the Persian Government, without any British assistance, to keep extraction and refining going at about half their present level by using the less complex refining processes. All this is to the company's credit; indeed, it could scarcely be expected to do more—except by a Labour Government with its holding of 51 per cent. of the shares.

What is amazing is that Mr. Attlee and his colleagues should have been content to ensure that Anglo-Iranian behaved like a good employer. The benefits of the company's progressive policy have been bestowed on a few thousand Persians in one single remote province. Meanwhile the rest of the country remains backward; its peasantry diseased and destitute; its Parliament in the hands of a decadent clique of landlords; its civil service corrupt and inefficient; its public welfare almost non-existent. Persia, as a nation, has nothing for which to thank the Labour Government. Moreover the proportion of the profits retained in Persia is miserably low. Here are the figures in Anglo-Iranian's published accounts:

	Received by H.M.G. in taxation £Mn.	Royalties to Persian Government £Mn.	Gross Profits £Mn.
1947 ..	15	7	34
1948 ..	28	9	53
1949 ..	23	13½	41

It is true that the supplementary agreement which General Razmara obtained in 1949, and for supporting which he was assassinated last Spring, was considerably more favourable. It may indeed have been almost as good as the fifty-fifty deal which Aramco, the American company, concluded with King Ibn Saud. But can a Socialist Government seriously maintain that there was no exploitation, when the British Exchequer was still receiving more than the Persian Government, quite apart from the dividends distributed to shareholders? What should we think if an American company in 1933 had obtained a sixty-year lease of all our coal-fields, and in 1951 claimed that it was being generous in offering us half the revenue after all running costs had been met?

"But after all we are not Persians." Here we come to the hub of the problem. Middle Eastern nationalism is too often dismissed as hysterical because it makes the moderate claim that Persians, Iraquis and Egyptians should be treated as though they had equal rights with Westerners. The conflict between London and Teheran is not a financial haggle about money between the clique in control of Persian politics and the directors of Anglo-Iranian. Behind these business negotiations, and transforming them into an issue of high politics, lie the beginnings of the same national and social revolution which has already swept over Asia. Either this revolution will engulf us, or we shall come to terms with it.

So far we have done neither. Mr. Bevin once talked vaguely of raising the standard of living of the poor fellahin; Mr. Truman proclaimed his Fourth Point. But all that Britain and America have actually done is, first, to step up oil production and oil profits, and, secondly, to maintain garrisons and bases in the Middle East against the unanimous protest of every country, and of politicians of every party in every country. In the Far East our Indian policy and our far-sighted recognition of Communist China gave the advent of the Labour Government in Britain an immense significance. Here there is tangible evidence of a change in British policy, and of a new relationship between White and Colonial people. In the Middle East, nothing has changed. In Mr. Churchill's famous phrase: "What we have, we hold"—with the one difference that a very large part of the profits of exploitation are now taken by the Government to help pay for the British Welfare State!

The lesson of Persia is that this new "Welfare Imperialism"—along with the deliberate preservation, under the guise of parliamentary democracy, of semi-feudal regimes subservient to our will—is utterly bankrupt. To-day the corrupt ruling cliques are less fearful of us than they are of their own indigenous revolutions. In Egypt, as much as in Persia, there are rich business men and landlords who secretly desire our protection; they dare not say so in public for fear of assassination. In order to divert attention from the social evils for which they are directly responsible, they are compelled to whip up hatred against the Western Imperialists whom they have served for two generations.

The only method of dealing with this kind of revolutionary crisis is an initiative as courageous as the Cripps Mission to India in 1947. What is needed is a joint Anglo-American proposal to introduce a New Deal for Middle Eastern oil, in which the whole relationship of the oil companies and the Governments is radically changed. The Governments must be conceded not only the profits but the status which is theirs by right; and this means nationalisation, not merely in Persia but in all the other oil-bearing countries.

It is true that this change would temporarily put more power into the hands of reactionaries; that is an inevitable first stage in many revolutions. It is also true that national ownership and control of the oil would mean the end of British paramountcy in the Middle East, and the likelihood of the development of a neutrality not unlike that now adopted by India. This might in the end deprive us of military bases in Egypt and Iraq on which we now rely. But

what is the use of bases in hostile countries, or of military alliances—with Egypt and Iraq, for instance—which will be disowned on the first day of war? Since there is no realistic foundation for a strategy designed to hold the Middle East with British and American armies and against the wish of the inhabitants, it might be more sensible to face reality in time. In future the Middle East will never be more "reliable" than India, Burma or Indonesia. It will certainly be a good deal less reliable if we continue to exploit it as an economic and strategic colony in flagrant defiance of its national aspirations.

Steel Stalemate

THE verbal hostilities between the Minister of Supply and the British Iron and Steel Federation underline the fact that the battle for steel is by no means over. Nor indeed, is its outcome beyond doubt. The Government is now paying the price for deferring the one really controversial item in its nationalisation programme to the dying days of the last Parliament. The fundamental indecision in the Cabinet which led to that delay has led also to the long series of offer and counter-offer, threat and counter-threat, which have marked the exchanges between the Chairman of the Iron and Steel Corporation and the leaders of the Federation. Both are on fairly solid ground at the moment; neither is sure that a quick decisive blow can be struck in the present uncertain political situation; and each feels that a really vigorous lunge at the other may lose more than it gains. Hence the present stalemate, enlivened at regular intervals by exchanges between Tweedledum of the Corporation and Tweedledee of Steel House.

But the real issue will be determined by the length of the stalemate. And time is on the side of Sir Andrew Duncan and Mr. Churchill. Steel is nationalised in law, but very little has so far happened beyond the actual transference of shares. Meanwhile, effective control of the industry remains with Steel House. The Federation normally speaks through the mouths of Sir Andrew Duncan and Sir Ellis Hunter; but it works through a series of Committees and Conferences covering different sections of the industry and made up of representatives of the individual companies—a high proportion of them numerically, and a majority by tonnage, now in public ownership. The immediate dispute concerns the representation of the Corporation itself on the Finance and Executive Committees and the Council of the Federation, and the effective control of the Federation's subsidiary company which is responsible for the import of iron ore. The Federation has refused the appointment of Corporation representatives on the Council and on these two vital Committees, and also the transfer of the direct responsibility for raw material procurement to the Corporation.

Mr. Hardie, who is a tough, determined man and wholly loyal to his Corporation, can afford to state his case frankly—unless he gets the powers he is seeking, he will be unable to discharge effectively the clear duty which is placed on him by law. The Federation's reply, that any change in its existing structure and method would lead to dislocation of the industry at a critical time, need not be taken too seriously. The fact is that, provided the control of the industry can be maintained within the tightly organised bureaucracy of Steel House, the early return of a Conservative Government would offer a fair chance of reversion to some sort of private ownership. Once this highly centralised power is broken up, the task would be far more difficult. This, then, is still a political battle. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Strauss pull the strings; Sir Andrew and Mr. Hardie do the dancing.

The most significant and extraordinary feature of the whole affair is that the Corporation, by its ownership of most of the more powerful companies which compose the Federation, has the power to control it by dictating the votes of the constituent members in a majority of the Conferences and, if necessary, by withholding the financial contribution of the publicly owned companies, on which the Federation in the long run depends. That these more drastic steps have not been taken is an indication, not so much of weakness on the Chairman's part, as of the uncertainty with which the Government has from the beginning faced steel nationalisation. There is little comfort in the present situation for those who believe that, if we are to make further progress towards economic democracy and a non-acquisitive society, this great, powerful profit-making industry must be brought effectively into public ownership. We believe that Mr. Strauss ought to follow up his tough words with a signal to the Corporation for tough action. He can no longer be as certain of success as he could have been three months ago. But, if he allows the stalemate to continue, he is bound to lose.

Outside this political battlefield, the steel situation is extremely grave. Under the stresses of the rearmament programme, more and more steel is required by industry; through the scarcity of both scrap and iron ore, less and less is being made. In spite of somewhat improved prospects for iron ore occasioned by the release of some American shipping, a realistic analysis of the raw material situation does not suggest that a total output in 1951 of more than 15½m. ingot tons can be achieved. This is a fall of over three-quarters of a million tons from last year.

Meanwhile we are glad to note that the Government has at last made up its mind to face the difficult problem of steel allocation. The need for effective control over the "end uses" of steel is now urgent if any of our objectives of economic policy, whether military or civil, are to be successfully achieved. That a fully comprehensive and enforceable scheme presents great administrative difficulty is clear. Indeed the earlier scheme, which was abandoned in 1949, never achieved complete success. But the Ministry of Supply must no longer use the quest for an unattainable perfection as an excuse for doing nothing. Without control of the uses of steel, a planned economy is impossible; and we are confident that a start will now be made, by whatever rough and ready methods are practicable, to identify the essential users and to ensure that they at least can count on their supplies.

Growers and Greengrocers

AT Olympia this week the National Farmers' Union has staged a Show of Market Produce under the blithe title "A Festival of Horticulture." In so far as the aim is to demonstrate to the public that first-class vegetables and fruit can be grown in this climate, the purpose of the promoters is commendable; and it is equally legitimate for the Show Society to remind consumers that voluntary organisation, supplementing the market mechanism, is endeavouring to encourage good growing, grading and packing. But it will be a pity if visitors to Olympia derive the impression that British commercial horticulture is in a healthy state. In fact, behind the décor of this Show, the whole business of supplying the consumer with home-grown fruit and vegetables is an economic anarchy in which the housewife is often fleeced, gross waste is widespread, and the small, independent grower—still the main element in this country's 50,000 holdings—is threatened with extinction. The seven fat years which lasted from 1940 to 1947 are over. Large mixed farms which can offset against losses on extensive vegetable growing the profits on other, subsidized crops, or use unsaleable "greens" for feed, can weather the storm; the big fruit farmers with well-established orchards can stand it; the City gentleman who wrap up surtax liabilities in pleasurable commercial horticulture can afford to laugh at losses; but the genuine market gardener, dependent on his holding for a living, is facing real crisis.

It is a crisis whose causes are twofold. On the one hand, high retail prices, combined too frequently with the poor condition of produce in the shops, are limiting effective demand. On the other hand, seasonal gluts arising in an almost completely unregulated market are recurrently depressing prices below the level adequate even to cover picking, transport and marketing costs. A random sampling investigation just conducted by a member of this journal's staff has sufficed to reveal facts which go far to explain present troubles. For example, our investigator reports that, whereas distributing costs normally double the grower's price, the "spread" between first-hand and retail sale is not infrequently 300 per cent. or more; there is an undoubted tendency for retailers to withhold from consumers the full benefit of low market prices at periods of peak production. Yet, in the past twelve months, no fewer than 1,000 retailers have been forced out of business. Largely as a result of faulty distributive methods, the greengrocer has to reckon with wastage representing at least one-quarter of his turnover; his 50 per cent. on-cost does not always mean high net profits.

Then again, growers have to contend not merely with the vagaries of weather, pests, and a great inflation of costs; they are at the mercy of the violent fluctuation of a free market: for instance, in one period last year the growers' price for tomatoes was as low as 4d. a pound, against 6d. in 1938, though current costs of production are at least treble those of pre-war days (an acre of glass now costs the fantastic sum of £15,000). Similarly, though the pro-

duction of strawberries is, broadly speaking, unprofitable if the average price for the crop is under 1s. a pound, picked at the farm, growers are ruefully forecasting that their price is likely to fall below 6d. next month. Moreover, present shortages outside their control are militating against growers. Lack of demand from canners through the scarcity of tin-plate—though supplies, horticulturists complain, are still being exported from this country to the Continent—will result in many acres of blackcurrants being left unpicked this summer. Again, consumers' lack of sugar appears to be making crops of rhubarb (still priced at 5d. per lb. retail) virtually unsaleable: gross proceeds of two acres this year, in a set of accounts shown to our investigator, amounted to £2 4s. The whole crop on this farm has now been ploughed in.

To meet this situation, which spells gradual ruin for most of the smaller, independent producers, the Government seems to have no remedy to offer except the suspension of open licences for imports in estimated peak periods, and the limitation therein of foreign supplies to a pre-determined quota. This system, combined with a small specific duty on imports imposed during the early '30s, affords a modicum of "shelter." It is, however, a clumsy device, in which timing may go badly wrong. (This Spring, the period of open licences for the import of lettuces had to be twice prolonged owing to the weather.) Furthermore, potential demand *at the right price* is so far from being sated in this country that it is highly questionable whether good standards of nutrition are compatible with the physical exclusion of foreign produce. As for the National Farmers' Union, the burden of its propaganda is to urge the consumer to realise that, with trebled production costs, he cannot expect to have "cheap" market produce; that comparisons with the heavily subsidised egg, bacon rasher and loaf are fallacious; and that he or she must be reconciled to paying 1s. for a lettuce which cost 4d. before the war. To ensure that the consumer does so, the N.F.U. demands of the Government that the specific duties on imports should be scaled up to a level at which—at any rate in peak periods—they become really effective.

The cure, we believe, should not be sought in protective devices. It is true that with the great increase in the costs of glasshouses, fuel, and labour, market produce cannot be sold profitably at prices which consumers are still too apt to regard as "normal." It is equally certain that we cannot afford the bankruptcy of too many growers of essential fruit and vegetables. But if special assistance is to be extended to this branch of farming—and one may indeed ask why an egg should attract a subsidy denied to an apple or a salad—State aid must be conditional on economic efficiency. And that, at the moment, is sadly lacking.

In the first place, there are too few wholesale markets: far too much produce is channelled through the medieval, time-wasting muddle of Covent Garden. More important, there is no proper service of market intelligence available to independent growers. The small man despatches his consignments blindly, and is consequently at the mercy of unforeseen market fluctuations, to say nothing of market dealers. Even where a co-operative sales organisation exists, it lacks the essential element of compulsion, so that its transactions are often sabotaged by its own members selling their prime stuff privately and then expecting the co-operative to get good prices for the residue. Finally, British practice in packing and grading is still in many cases quite inadequate. If, as growers complain, market dealers are often inclined to "push" foreign produce, it is not only because the foreign grower is exporting the cream of his crop; his consignments consist of carefully graded stuff—packed, incidentally, in non-returnable clean boxes for which no deposit is required, whereas (through shortage of softwood) the British grower has to be content with old boxes on which the retailer has to pay a deposit against failure to return. Then, too, the best efforts at grading are frequently frustrated by careless or dishonest retailers who mix up, say, lettuces of different sizes priced alike, and trust to consumers' ignorance or complacency.

What follows? We suggest that on broad lines the necessary reorganisation of market gardening and fruit growing should take the following shape. First, wholesale markets should be nationalised (or controlled by municipalities) and should be substantially increased in number. Only so can we get rid of the absurd spectacle of Cornish broccoli, for example, journeying from Falmouth to Southampton and then back to shops in Exeter. Secondly, conveniently spaced collecting centres should be established. These, as in the case of eggs, should be the sole outlets for first-hand sales. At each centre a manager—who should have wide powers of local autonomy—would be responsible for grading, packing and despatch to chosen markets. In this task he would be aided by an up-to-date teleprinter service of market intelligence. (The gluts which involve ruinous prices for growers, without much benefit to consumers, are usually local.) Thirdly, Producers' Boards for different types of produce should be set up with powers to regulate acreage and cropping. Finally, guaranteed minimum prices for specified grades of produce should be financed partly by the State and partly by a levy on producers—an essential incentive to intelligent cropping and good growing.

For the real smallholder it may well be that mixed production is the best policy. In the highly successful co-operative enterprises organised by the Land Settlement Association, the proceeds of market gardening proper are supplemented by revenue from the sale of eggs, poultry and pigs. But in horticulture, as in other forms of production, there should be room for the specialist. At present, the trouble is that, with the great inflation of the costs of fixed assets and production, many of the smaller independent market gardens and fruit-farms are grotesquely under-capitalised, and many growers are nearing the limits of banking accommodation available to them. Hence, it would seem desirable that the proposed Producers' Boards should be given by the Treasury resources enabling them to make approved loans for planting and development.

In short, if the present very real crisis in horticulture—a crisis which the urban consumer, paying what he regards as high prices at the greengrocer's, does not fully appreciate—is to be overcome, there will have to be a radical rationalisation of the whole chain of supply from hot-house to housewife. Voluntary organisation will not do the trick: there are too many independent producers and too many obstructive individualists among them. So far, the Minister of Agriculture, with his eye on the electoral market, has fought shy of tacking the problem of horticultural marketing. But it is a problem which must be tackled forcefully and soon.

London Diary

TEN years ago, an American called Vernon Field abandoned his wife and two children. His wife, who got a divorce and the custody of the children, maintained them and brought them up on progressive lines. Last year, she paid their fares from California to Oklahoma City on a short visit to their father and grandparents. While there, 13-year-old Jay 'phoned his mother and asked her what she thought about the Korean War. She explained her telephone answer with a long supplementary letter, which was intercepted by the father and was filed in a suit which he brought in the Oklahoma court to set aside, on the grounds that she was an "unfit mother," the decree giving her custody.

Her political views (including her support of the Stockholm Peace Petition) and her explanation to the children of why she was having an operation for cancer of the womb were produced as evidence of "unfitness" together with the grandfather's affidavit that Jay, in Oklahoma, had "shown great admiration for Jackie Robinson, Larry Doly and Luke Easter, all negro baseball players, but seldom spoke words of praise of the other leading celebrities of the White race. . ." When the case came before the Los Angeles Superior Court, the mother's political beliefs, her ideas of democracy and views on racial discrimination were made the issue. Although it was conceded that she was a devoted mother to her children, and that the father had never shown any concern for them, the judge gave him custody and he flew them off to Oklahoma. The logic of this is—sterilise your political opponents.

* * *

The controversy about closing small village schools is likely to grow. Education as a general topic bores people, but no subject engenders such fiery gas as soon as parents learn that the general discussion affects their own children. In principle I can see no answer to the case for closing hundreds of inefficient, out-of-date church schools, which are too small for any specialised teaching. The snag comes when a gifted teacher, who gets good results with a class of children, even though they cover a ridiculously large age group, is asked to retire while the children are to be sent by buses to another centre which has not at present nearly so good a reputation, and which may not be actually better equipped or staffed. This is the position in the village where I best know the local conditions: the petition asking for the village school to remain was signed by the whole village. Read the correspondence which has started in *The Times*, and you might conclude that the real

object of the agitation against abolishing the school is simply that the local squires and parsons and large farmers do not want to lose their power over the village children who may be given ideas above their station. Test the case locally, however, and you may find that these discreditable reasons are reinforced by the fact that ordinary villagers prefer to have their children educated by somebody whom they know and who may teach them well rather than to have them sent farther afield to an only theoretically superior school.

* * *

Coming after an Irish election in which Partition played almost no part, the exchange of courtesies between Sir Basil Brooke and Mr. de Valera may be significant. I do not suggest that any Irish politician can be reconciled to Partition, but I suspect that some who were very cross with me a few months ago for saying so, now agree that the only possible way of ending partition is through "functional" association—including, unhappily, measures of defence. The way to establish Irish unity is to drop the political argument and the vituperation about the past and concentrate on making Ireland a going concern which means agreement about transport, electric power, fisheries and even social security and labour legislation. So much is easy to say, but the crux lies in the fact that Ireland is independent and outside the Atlantic Pact while the Six Counties are firmly tied to Great Britain. I cannot help wondering whether there is not already more understanding between North and South on this matter than appears in public speeches. The harbour works at Galway, for example, are an expensive project. They are supposedly part of the Costello Government's capital investment programme. But does Galway need such a port in peacetime? Or might Galway, which has good road and rail communications, make a suitable Atlantic base?

* * *

British newspaper readers may be somewhat bewildered about the size or even the existence of the Indian famine. Two Conservative papers sent out correspondents who were rivals in a competition of horror. The *Economist*, which is never friendly to India, but which is usually reliable on the facts, published under the title of "Death in Bihar" a gloomy account which seemed to confirm the worst fears. *The Times*, *Manchester Guardian* and the *Herald Tribune* were all very properly serious, but less dogmatic. The trend of news from India, as long as there was doubt about the Senate's decision to send grain, was to emphasise, not minimise, the extent of the famine. At that point I reported on the emphatic evidence of a very responsible Indian observer that the death rate was likely to reach about a million. I spoke at the wrong time. The Americans agreed to send the grain, and the Indian Government, which had been making most strenuous and really very efficient efforts to organise relief and food distribution, was indignant with me as well as with other people for exaggerating their country's difficulties. I have now gone into the matter carefully with correspondents who have recently explored the villages. They say that, though hunger and malnutrition will lead to an increase of the death rate from disease, very few people will actually die of famine. Even those millions who live fifteen ox-cart miles from a road, and who drift about the countryside looking for something to put into the empty bellies of themselves and their families have now, I'm informed, usually received enough to keep body and soul together.

* * *

People who heard Mrs. Felton's account of her Korean adventure seem to agree that she would have made an overwhelming impression on her audience if she had stuck to the job of describing the horrors she saw. Her pluck and endurance on the journey itself also impressed them. She had never seen a battle-field before; battle-fields are always bad enough and the effects of modern weapons, especially of the napalm bomb, far outstrip all previous horrors. No doubt she could have seen plenty of loathsome sights in South Korea and there is no reason to think the North Koreans less savage than the South. But she saw the effects of indiscriminating aerial bombing upon civilians or lightly armed soldiers, and she reacted accordingly. Her one act of folly—and surely it was very foolish indeed—was to provide the Communists with a purely one-sided account which they could use in a Moscow broadcast. The problem now is to support her right to make such an investigation and to see to it that as many people as possible realise that the things she saw are inevitable in modern war and not due to any particular country's wickedness. The other thing to do is to end the war quickly.

* * *

On Tuesday, June 26th, the main front-page headline of the *Daily Express* ran: "Mao admits: We're Hurt Beyond Endurance talk on radio." The B.B.C. and the Foreign Office are unable to trace any such broadcast to Mao and the text bears a strong resemblance to an editorial in the Peking newspaper, the *People's Daily*. Such a mistake would be unimportant were it not that the headline suggests that Mao is compelled to sue for peace. "Hurt beyond endurance" is apparently a free translation of "pushed beyond endurance," that is, into defying MacArthur in Korea. A charming example of the use of the headline. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Volpone (*The Fox*). Although this pamphlet purports to be a guide to an examination, not a treatise on morals, there are still some heads of schools of both sexes who would never forgive me if I omitted to mention that there is in the play one scene in which a woman is shown attempting to seduce a man, and another in which a man is shown forcibly attempting to rape a woman. It is perhaps only fair to Ben Jonson to say that in both instances the attempt is foiled.—Messrs. Geo. Gill's *Guide to preparation for the General Certificate of Education*. (F. B. Wesley.)

She wears . . . only the simplest kind of jewellery anyone can copy. Triple pearl choker, small pearl earrings, and a drop brooch of grey pearls and diamonds.—*Daily Express*. (O. Fischinger.)

Wanted, top grade Nazi souvenirs, S.S. uniforms, etc. Cash waiting.—Advt. *Union*. (Vivian Bird.)

ROCKING THE BOAT

"The so-called peace plan . . is entirely unacceptable to the people of Korea."—SYNGHMAN RHEE, June 26.

When Synghman Rhee and Trygvie Lie
Put out to sea in a boat,
They loaded provisions and ample munitions
By unanimous U.N. vote;
And Rhee remarked as Lie embarked,
"No cloud our love will mar!
The arms of the Powers will now be ours—
What a wonderful friend you are,
You are,
You are,
What a wonderful friend you are!"

They held at bay for a year and a day
The pirate Korean crew,
Till, often defeated, the pirates retreated,
And Communist peace-kites flew.
To parley invited, Lie felt most delighted,
But Synghman heard with ire
The pirates were seeking, via Moscow and Peking,
The terms for a prompt cease-fire,
Cease-fire,
Cease-fire,
The terms for a prompt cease-fire.

"It's an insult to me," said Synghman Rhee,
"It's an anti-Korean plot.
War must not be ended nor slaughter suspended
Before we have sunk the lot.
No forces are quitting, Korea permitting,
Till North Korea is won—
I've not the least use for a parley or truce,
And the war must go on and on
And on,
And on,
The war must go on and on!"

Said Trygvie Lie to Synghman Rhee
"Sit down, you're rocking the boat.
And let me remind you, without me behind you
You'd never have kept afloat.
Besides, what's more, you've had your war"
(And he steered for the harbour bar),
"O Synghman Rhee, you're a pain to me—
What a pain in the neck you are,
You are,
You are,
What a pain in the neck you are!"

SAGITTARIUS

South of the Line

III. LIFE AT MOROKA

WE were sitting in Mr. Simale's house the other Sunday, discussing civilisation. "We must not complain," Mr. Simale was saying. Then, cautiously: "We must just do our best." That was as far as Mr. Simale would go; in any case, he was busy with "one of our Native customs"—the broiling of a goat, as he explained, so that "some of us can just rejoice a little."

So we said goodbye to Mr. Simale, who bowed to us from his doorway, and to Mrs. Simale, who was delving into a monstrous cauldron and managed only to give us a shy laughing smile as we departed. Mr. Simale's dog climbed through a strip of wire and sat in the dust to scratch for fleas. It was a quiet Sunday morning. Beyond the roofs of shanty-town the gold-rock dumps of the Rand were immaculate and gleaming.

"Simale's not representative," someone objected, "he's making six pounds five a week. He's well-off—you can't go by him." And I could see that this was true, because Mr. Simale's house, which is partly built of brick and boasts a corrugated iron roof above two rooms—not counting a kennel for Mr. Simale's dog—rose above its neighbours with a lofty sense of difference and disdain such as separates the mansions of Hamil-

ton Terrace from the slums of Kilburn Park. Mr. Simale's house, which would have made a small shed for a rather insensitive cow, was a palace among its neighbours.

Nothing in Africa fits neatly into nice lengths or description. The story of Moroka Settlement, where Mr. Simale and about 40,000 other Africans live on the outskirts of Johannesburg, is the story o White settlement, racialism, and the industrial revolution rolled into one indescribable whole. Somewhere in his writings—I think in *The Lower Depths*—Gorki describes a paupers' colony in Tsarist Russia as a jumble of cases, cans, rubbish, and lumps of timber kicked higgledy-piggledy to the bottom of a hill. It is a fair description of Moroka, or indeed of any of the "squatters' locations" which are dumped on the edge of the larger towns of the Union. In these locations there exist in filth and fear those many thousands of Africans whom the growth of industry since the war is beckoning from the countryside. Moroka, it is true, is worse than the other locations around Johannesburg: neighbouring Jabavu, built by the Municipality since the war, consists of prefabricated houses divided into three sets of three tiny rooms each. Alexandra and Orlando, older settlements at the other end of the city, are of brick, and have even a little random street lighting.

But Moroka none the less is more truly representative of the state of the Union than the older and more solid Native settlements. For Moroka represents the process of industrialisation through which the people of South Africa are now passing—and passing under conditions which are painfully close to those of England a hundred years ago. If South African Blue Books make as grim reading as the reports of the Factory Inspectors of mid-eighteenth century England, Moroka Settlement surely outdoes, in sheer human debasement and employers' indifference, any kind of sweated slum that the industrial revolution in England ever managed to produce.

Just because it is typical of so much that happens to the Africans of South Africa, Moroka is worth careful attention. It was founded five or six years ago, when thousands of Africans who could find no accommodation in Alexandra Township moved spontaneously across the Rand and squatted on European-owned land to the south-east of Johannesburg. The owners set up a shout, and the Municipality threatened to do what it has usually done before—evict the squatters in full recognition of the fact that they had nowhere else to go. Such are the complications and the contradictions of the Pass Laws in the Union that there was literally nowhere these people could go without incurring legal prosecution. This little fact would scarcely have deterred the authorities: what did deter them was the larger fact that most of these people were also in useful employment in Johannesburg.

So the Municipality allowed the squatters to stay where they were. Their presence was regarded by the good burghers of the city (who employ them) as a noisome scandal, a lamentable example of White weakness before Native encroachment, and in general as a matter best not spoken of. But there was the awkward fact of their being needed in the city. "Of 9,260 squatter families (approximately 45,000 people) removed from the Orlando and Alexandra Areas to the new camp at Moroka"—to quote from a recent report of the Native Affairs Commission—"the heads of 8,659 families were accepted as being employed in Johannesburg. . . . In fact, the vast majority of them are hard-working respectable people who have been readily absorbed into industry but for whom no houses are available."

Faced with the necessity of allowing these unspeakable Natives to remain on their doorstep, the burghers of Johannesburg buckled down to their responsibilities with characteristic zeal. They permitted each household a living-space of twenty feet square, and for this privilege they clapped on a rent of ten shillings a month—provided that the household could and would build its own house, no materials being provided. The burghers went even further. They are busy men in big motor cars (I never saw a European city with half as many motor cars), but they dipped into their pockets and provided water and sanitation. They provided one lavatory seat for every two or three hundred people, and one tap for about twice that number. They neglected to provide any source of public or private lighting whatsoever, but they did erect a high wire fence round the settlement—though whether this fence was to keep people from getting out or to prevent others from getting in, I was unable to discover. They also provided public transport—just enough for these people to travel their ten or fifteen miles to work with a loss of two or three hours each way. In a sense, too, they extended to Moroka the protection of the law. Almost any night now, the police are round in heavily armed patrols to enter and search shanties in case disorderly elements, even in their sleep, may have neglected to provide themselves with one or other of the half-dozen or so passes without which no African can be regarded as safe and free from malice towards his White benefactors. There is nothing the African understands, it seems, better than a good crack on the skull in the middle of the night.

The plain fact is that these Africans in Moroka and many other settlements are abandoned to despair and disease in a manner which can have very few equals anywhere in the world. I am told on excellent authority that there are about 18,000 children in Moroka and Jabavu who do not go to school. As it is, available schools are so crowded that they have to work double shift, taking one lot of children in the morning and another in the afternoon. The T.B. rate in Non-European urban areas—already the highest in the world—is shooting upwards at a speed which is said to alarm even the present Government, if only because of the danger that is implicit for the Europeans. The T.B. death-rate per 100,000 is now authoritatively admitted to be about 800 for "urbanised Natives," compared with about 34 for Europeans.

But mere recital of these facts gives little impression of the realities of life in Moroka. It is, without exaggeration, a place of fear. After nightfall, no man or woman will walk through these settlements without strong escort. If anyone does, he knows that he runs a big risk of being set upon and stabbed, beaten up, and robbed by gangs of *Tsotsi*—or "narrow-trousers," as the local cosh-boys are called—without the remotest chance of help. These towns are terrorised; and I tested this in several ways. I drove after dusk through utterly deserted streets. After a meeting with a group of African leaders in Johannesburg one night, we had to escort each of them to within easy reach of his home. Social workers told me that they had the greatest difficulty in arranging for attendance at evening classes, although the African urge for education is powerful. Even in their shanties these people do not feel safe. They are always liable to have the police bursting in, turning people out of bed, searching and stumbling over them, and hauling them off to third-degree and gaol at the slightest provocation.

As we stood outside Mr. Simale's house the other Sunday, I said to Mr. Nkosi, a Xosa schoolmaster who was showing me round: "Let's go down there."

"What, down there?" Mr. Nkosi was doubtful. "All right, I suppose we can."

We walked down into the centre of Moroka. People stared at us from holes poked in piles of rubbish. Did I say "people"? Forgive me: I should have said Natives. Natives stared at us or ignored us. On the main street, where the large tin latrines stand in a row one after another, and the communal taps are dripping, we met a Native who spoke to us. Or rather he spoke to Mr. Nkosi, who knows seZulu.

"Tell him I want to look at one of these latrines," I said to Mr. Nkosi: "Ask him if people would mind that?"

This Native was an elderly man with a straggling grey beard and a merry round face. He was dressed in mechanic's overalls. He was what is called an "urbanised Native."

"Does he mind?" I pressed.

Mr. Nkosi was gently sarcastic. Long contact with White men has given Mr. Nkosi a great power of understatement; and Mr. Nkosi's sarcasm is all the more sarcastic for being gentle.

"No," said Mr. Nkosi, "he says he doesn't mind."

"What else does he say?"

"He asks," Mr. Nkosi said, "whether or not we have come to beat anyone up. He says he would like to know, because then he will go away before we begin."

There are nearly two million "urbanised Natives" in South Africa.

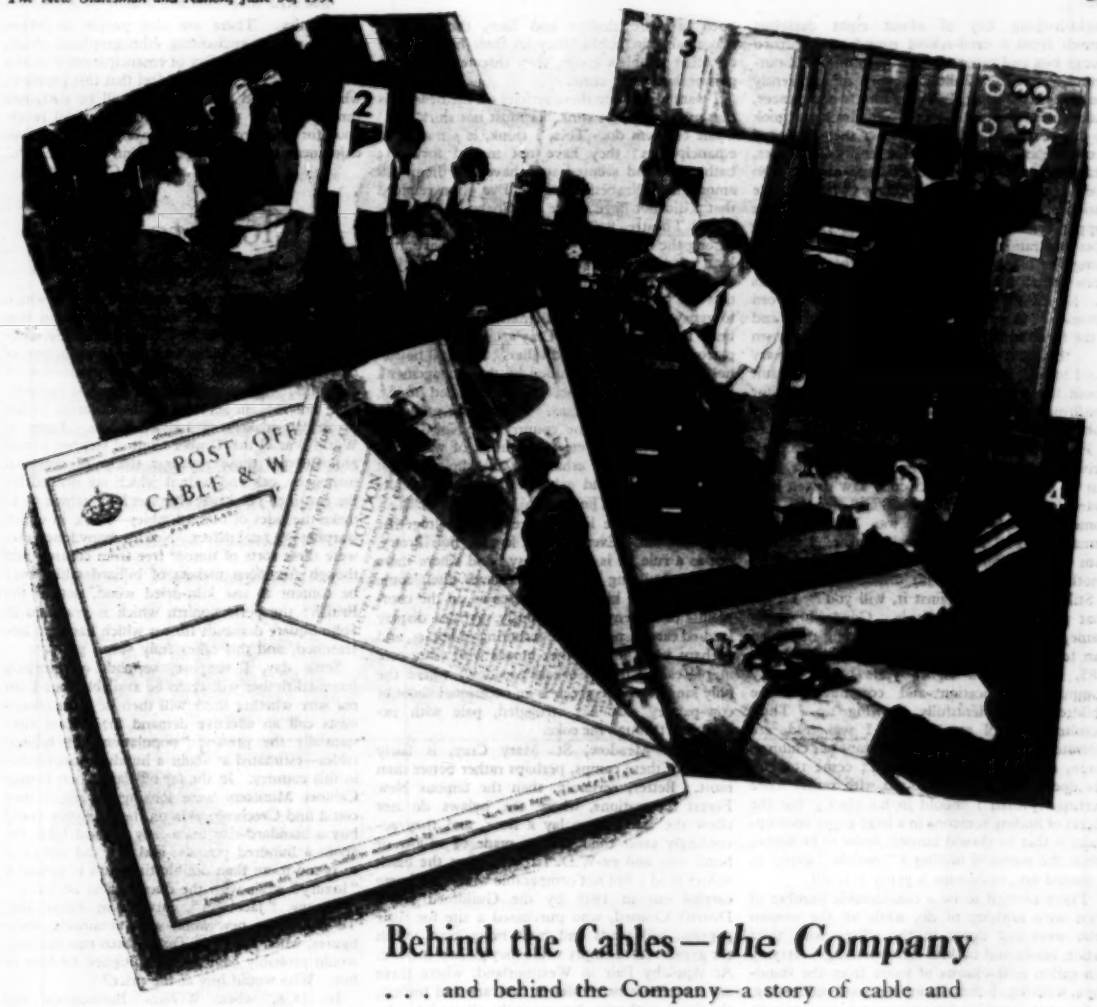
Johannesburg. BASIL DAVIDSON

The Gypsy Problem

II. The Lovable Unloved

BILL BAKER, a massive, friendly man of ancient Romany stock, has lived in the encampment at St. Mary Cray for 20 years. A natural leader, he was one of the gypsy deputation who saw Mr. Lindgren at the House of Commons last month, in the hope of finding out where their community is to go when the inevitable ejectment comes. "Some of these people would live in houses," Bill Baker told me, speaking pure Nile Street Cockney, "if they could get them. But a lot of them never will; they belong to the roads and the fields. Anyway, we can't get our names put on the housing lists because we've never belonged anywhere."

I have never before scratched the surface of a sociological question on which the experts are so divided—the origin of the gypsies, their lingual ancestry, what is genuine folk-lore and what is romantic poppycock, whether they have occult powers, evil eyes, and so on. But on this there is unanimity, that a gypsy who becomes urbanised does so at the lowest imaginable level, like an Australian blackfellow who has jumped a freight train from the bush, begged a pair of trousers, and stayed in town because scrounging is easier than hunting. Mr. Norman Dodds sees his gypsy constituents as the waifs of our educational system. Bill Baker's own daughter, a pretty child of twelve, went to the House of Commons with her father on the day of the deputation as living evidence of the gypsies' imperviousness to ordinary school methods—she can neither read nor write, though she goes to school. "There's a lot of these children," said Bill, "who can't read nor write. I can't read nor write neither. Nor can he, and him and him——" pointing to other men sitting round a fire. He broke off as a



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KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS—*1. A Cable dispatching office. 2. Adjusting a regenerator. 3. The wireless room aboard the Cable Ship* "Edward Wilshaw". *4. Navigating officer plotting the Cable Ship's position.*

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bright-looking boy of about eight detached himself from a card-school round an upturned orange box and came silently up to him with outstretched hand. Without a word or apparently the necessity for one, Bill gave him two sixpences, and without a word the boy went back and took up his cards. I asked Bill how they managed about the application forms for family allowances, which seem devised to discourage anyone who does not combine high literacy with ant-like patience. The answer surprised me. "The copper comes in and does it," said Bill. "He does our ration books and all, and he done that thing the other day—you know, where was you born and all like that." The census? That was it. So the police and the gypsies are not sworn enemies? (I was thinking of George Borrow and "the force which is doomed to destroy Gypsyism . . . the rural police.") "The police are very good to us," said Bill; "we've got no complaint about the police." He looked at the others for confirmation of this, eliciting a number of very subdued and ambiguous noises.

He quite readily showed me his identity card, driving licence, hawker's licence (Bill sells logs, cut by means of a small circular saw driven by a petrol engine), and carrier's "C" licence. On some of these his name was Baxter, and I remarked on it. Baker, he said, Baker. I showed him where it said Baxter on one and Baker on another. "Don't see no difference," he said. "Still, put a cross against it, will you? I'll get that put right. Baker it is. Good old gypsy name, Baker." This illiteracy, among men who can tell you in a flash that 1,700 shillings make £85, has survived eighty years of supposedly compulsory education and continues in the children now plentifully growing up. Their desultory school attendances, I was told, are tolerated. "The teachers don't want our children there, and the 'inspector' don't come round." He does, in fact, come round with rather more pertinacity than I should in his place; but the secret of finding someone in a large gypsy encampment is that he should himself desire to be found, while the secret of finding a "mobile" gypsy is, I should say, to become a gypsy yourself.

There seemed to be a considerable number of men with nothing to do, while all the women who were not down in the village with their ration books and baskets were working—carrying ten-gallon milk-churns of water from the standpipe, washing clothes, chopping wood and sewing. A few men, working for a contractor, were tearing the canvas from hundreds of ex-military snow shoes as they stood round a blazing fire that consumed the wooden frames. A few others were working as labourers on the neighbouring estate that was engulfing their camp and hastening its doom. Many, perhaps, were able to live on the proceeds of last autumn's pea-picking and potato-lifting—I'm told that a father, mother, and four children can then earn £40 a week by sustained hard work. And soon they would be off again to the farms they knew, in Kent, Surrey and Hampshire, sleeping with one eye open by the roadside and always liable to be "moved on."

I found them very pleasant to talk to and entirely friendly to those whom they know. (A baker's roundsman came in with a basketful of loaves and was hailed by Bill Baker. He came over to us. "Who's your best customers round here?" said Bill. "Who always pays you on the nail?" "The gypsies," said the baker's man, who seemed entirely at his ease. "I never have any trouble here," he assured me. "I wish everybody was like them.") But the local residents loathe them, and their reasons are interesting. The gypsies (this means any poor devils living in the open air) are thieves and liars, they behave abominably in public, they let their horses loose on other people's crops, they threaten and they glower and they stink.

I wanted to write these articles on the new basis that gypsies do not stink. (I must not shirk this.) Some of them do. This, I think, is a matter of emancipation: they have not moved forward; bathrooms and scented soap have left them still among the Elizabethan poor. I've often rejoiced that I did not have to see my Shakespeare in the Globe Theatre, for certain duties have taken me among the medievally-unwashed and I have that kind of distaste for the human reek that led to antiseptic surgery and carbolic soap. It is thus that the *Gorgio* residents of St. Mary Cray react to gypsy propinquity. Indignation meetings have been held in St. Mary Cray's cinema, which is patronised by the camp-dwellers; the local householders want them excluded by the management. This feeling, of course, is not confined to St. Mary Cray or to cinemas. You can see pub-door notices throughout the country: "No Gypsies Served Here." A detestable thing, of which we can be detachedly ashamed, we who are not rural publicans and whose cinema neighbours have bathrooms at home.

Thieves? The local police do not altogether bear this out. Every village has its Bob Pretty, but as a rule he is not a gypsy; and where there are new building estates the thieves often come from the same kind of addresses as do the complaints of larceny. Notoriously, gypsies display studied carelessness in the tethering of horses, and perhaps you should tether horses with extra care in places (such as Corke's Meadow) where the only kind of edible green is an occasional shoot of cow-parsley that has struggled, pale with exhaustion, through the coke.

Corke's Meadow, St. Mary Cray, is fairly typical of these camps, perhaps rather better than most. Better, certainly, than the famous New Forest reservations, where the bylaws do not allow the campers to lay a floor, and they accordingly erect their shacks, made of willow or hazel rods and ex-W.D. tarpaulins, on the black winter mud; but not comparable with the scheme carried out in 1948 by the Guildford Rural District Council, who purchased a site for their gypsies, laid roads and built bungalows, which the gypsies leave empty while they go hop-picking. At Appleby Fair in Westmorland, where there are sometimes two miles of caravans and trailers, the local authority has recently allotted to the campers a large tract of ground with piped water and good sanitation. But a national policy is needed: these local variations of practice are mere nibbles at a national problem, exacerbating local feeling of the kind that recently made the villagers of Denham, Bucks, use a pound of stink bombs (bought from a London "joke merchant") in an effort to clear a gypsy site, and that has made other local *vigilantes* continually break the water mains conveying to their gypsy neighbours the means to keep themselves clean.

The final expression of all this would logically be something comparable to Heinrich Himmler's "Reich Central Office for Combating the Gypsy Mode of Existence," which pursued a simple extermination policy. The illogical one is to *force* all these natural nomads, whose open air life is their only heritage of value, into houses. It is the belief of Mr. Norman Dodds, and of many others, that if gypsy children can be taught by their own people, perhaps in their own language, but certainly in their own imagery, they will be found to be educable, so that a new sense of their own deprivation may effect the emancipation of their strange, anachronistic community. There are also people to whom gypsies are an enchanting ethnographical study, and to whom any policy of emancipation is totally deplorable. For my part I feel that this problem, which has stood for centuries, will be sustained through further centuries by our vestigial reverence for folky mumbo-jumbo and our vicarious enjoyment of the everlasting wind on the heath.

C. H. ROLPH

Cloth to Cue

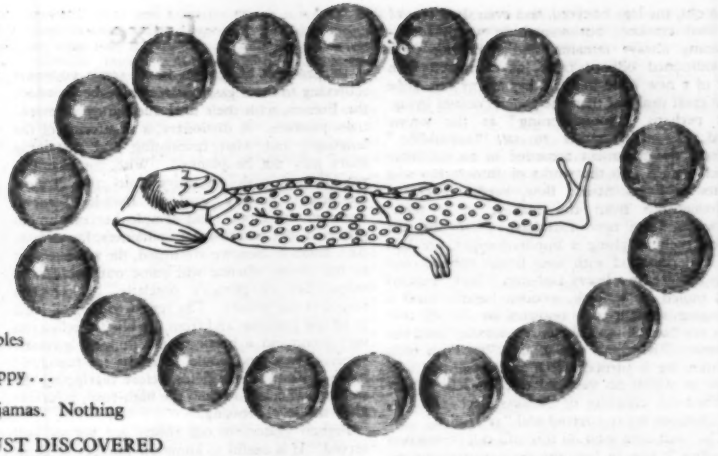
II. KING LOUIS' GAME

IMAGINE, if you please, a state of affairs in which good steel became so impossible to obtain that Rolls-Royce, rather than compromise their reputation for quality, abandoned the manufacture of new cars and concentrated on the production of "rebuilts." That may seem a fantastic supposition; but it is, in actual fact, the situation to-day of British makers of billiard tables. Early in World War II the Timber Control stepped in and requisitioned those precious stocks of seasoned mahogany, oak and walnut which are needed for the two-inch planks, twelve feet long, which go to make the sides of billiard tables—a role in which warping is a fatal defect. Not for many long years were these sorts of timber free from control; and though American makers of billiard tables may be content to use kiln-dried wood, not so the British: the perfectionism which is practised in Soho Square demands timber which has been air-seasoned, and this takes fully seven years.

Some day, I suppose, supplies of properly seasoned timber will again be available; but I am not sure whether there will then be what economists call an effective demand to increase substantially the present "population" of billiard tables—estimated at about a hundred thousand—in this country. In the far off days when British Cabinet Ministers were looking to see if they could find Czechoslovakia on the map, you could buy a standard-size mahogany billiard table for about a hundred pounds; and you did not need to spend more than double that sum to obtain a "luxury" affair with the questionable advantages of heavy "Jacobean" carving in finest oak. To-day, if the new wood were obtainable, these figures, when Purchase Tax is taken into account, would probably have to be multiplied by four or five. Who would buy at the price?

In 1836, when William Burroughes and Frederick Watts began making billiard tables in Soho Square, their enterprise had the luck to coincide with the real coming into fashion of English billiards. The game which Shakespeare knew and Le Roi Soleil took up for exercise after meals seems to have been a sort of "pool" in which you tried to pot your opponent's ball. It was not till early in the nineteenth century that the game with which we are now familiar became popular in England. As it developed, with slate beds replacing oak (the first table made by Burroughes and Watts had a bed formed of seventy-two pieces of oak, mortised, tenoned and dowelled), Soho Square found its customers in the country houses of the landed gentry and the big suburban villas of the well-to-do Victorian men of business—a market supplemented later by Club and Pub. World War I dealt a shrewd blow to country house custom; and, since then, with every fresh exaction of the Fisc, the buyers of billiard tables have tended more and more to become institutional—public saloons, miners' institutes, welfare centres and so forth. Here, in the record of one firm, social history is writ small.

Luckily a billiard table is a pretty indestructible object: the cloth can be cut to pieces, the cushions



I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls

That's me, asleep. Those are the marbles round about. I'm warm . . . quiet . . . happy . . . Nothing to do with the spots on my pyjamas. Nothing to do with earplugs or opium. I'VE JUST DISCOVERED THAT THE WORLD'S BEST ALL-ROUND INSULATING MATERIAL CONSISTS OF NOTHING BUT MILLIONS OF FINE GLASS FILAMENTS, SPUN FROM GLASS MARBLES! Wonderful! Makes walls heat-tight . . . roofs ditto . . . floors sound-proof . . . life restful. Builders use it. So do architects. Also engineers. It's called:—

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Cambridge.

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worn out, the legs battered, and even the slates of the bed cracked; but something worth reconditioning always remains, and the price of a reconditioned billiard table, as compared with that of a new table in 1938, has at any rate gone up a great deal less than the general cost of living. But perhaps "reconditioning" is the wrong word: I ought rather to say "rebuilding." Indeed, the treatment accorded to an old table which comes into the works of Burroughes and Watts in Furze Street, Bow, hardly differs in craftsmanship from the making of a table, *ab initio*, from new materials. First, the five slates, each weighing a hundredweight, are laid out and reground with steel filings rubbed over their surface by a heavy cast-iron "float," pushed and pulled by a thick, wooden handle, until a swinging straight-edge registers to 1/1000 that they are "true." ("This one's a lot out," said the foreman; "it wasn't one of ours.") Then each separate leg is turned afresh and repolished to a glaze in which no vestigial trace is left of that stubbed-out cigarette or careless heel. Finally, the cushions are re-covered and "re-stuffed."

The craftsmen who do this still call themselves "stuffers"; but, in fact, the green cloth hides no longer "list," as it did up to about 1840, but a strip of moulded rubber. For extra speed, this is sometimes now set in a steel frame, producing the "Steel Vacuum Cushion." But, whether the frame be steel or wood, the rebuilt cushion is cannily tested by the shop foreman before it leaves this part of the works. Billiard balls are rolled down inclined planes of wood from the end of a full-length table opposite the cushion under test, and the performance of each cushion—i.e., the distance travelled by the propelled ball—is recorded faithfully in a sort of case-history book, not unlike that maintained by specialists in disease of the heart. I had an impression, though, that the foreman here could tell just about all that could be learnt of a cushion by trundling the ball against it with an expert hand.

So, in due course, a table of old, reliable, seasoned wood emerges—indistinguishable, to the non-professional eye, from new. There are, however, two "shops" in this works where new wood is employed. In one they make of light wood the "shadowless" shades, which do their best to enable the amateur to fancy himself another Lindrum, John Roberts, or Tom Reece. In another, work the cue-makers, whose skill impressed me most of all that afternoon. From a roughly turned pole of ash a man will make in about four hours a beautifully tapered cue, complete with spliced butt of ebony or other hard wood; and he will do this with no gauge save his eye, and practically no tools save a set of curved planes. Balance? This, too, is arrived at "by guess and by God"—with the aid, it may be, of a concealed lead shot.

Members of the Furniture Trades Union, these admirable craftsmen in Furze Street—many of whom have spent their whole working lives with Burroughes and Watts—must take a rewarding pride in their work; for, in terms of hard cash, they get surprisingly little more out of it than workers in other much less skilled occupations. Were it in my power I should like to arrange a convivial meeting between some of the craftsmen at Stroud who make the green cloth and some of those who make the "field" on which it is laid. Such an act might perhaps be a small atonement for the slight deception which I practised in Furze Street. There, for very shame, I allowed several excellent craftsmen (who could not otherwise imagine what I was doing) to suppose that I was a well-known amateur player. In truth, I once, and only once, made a break of ten.

AYLMER VALLANCE

De Luxe

THE prospect of foreign travel sends gourmets scurrying to those gastronomic guide-books which the French, with their unrivalled grasp of essentials, produce. A dictionary, a smattering of the language, and what fascinating and sustaining tours may not be planned. Who, for example, would not wish to drive into the Widow Doudelet's flowery yard at Batz-les-Tombes, abandon the motor, and sample her mushroom pie-crust, her potted-meat containers, her crustacean flakes? See, we are urged, the arrangement of her ovens whence will come out her careful menu, her clergyman's omelette, her chicken singed at the brandy. The repast will unroll itself in affable premises and from the blissful cellar you may command a bottle of the Pope's Newcastle wine. Then (and could foresight see further?) make a siesta in the fields before regripping the steering-wheel. To rejoin the high-road, bifurcate after the level-crossing.

French visitors to our shores are not so well served. It is useful to know the number of Brms in a hotel, and whether you can ascend to your Brm in a Lift, but B & B 18s. is devoid of romance, and a wine-loving nation will be chilled by the grim abbreviation Unlic. and the proud battle-cry Temp. One can imagine the gesticulations, the cries of *Ça, non* ! as the party climbs back into the De Dion Bouton and heads hurriedly for home.

Repatriated, they will doubtless make for the establishment of Madame Crampon (or, as we are translating, Mrs. Grappling-Iron). Madame Crampon activates herself in her elegant kitchen and herself prepares the merry cortège of dishes which are brought to the table by none other than *la toute blonde* Miss Grappling-Iron. So astonishing is the range of Madame Crampon's comestibles that one rests perplexed at the number of her personal preparations. Which shall it be? Forcemeat balls or courtesan chicken? Trouts or a delight of sole? And, for an end-piece, what about house side-dishes or a generous helping of skipper's tart? Meanwhile, Monsieur Crampon has been activating himself too: it is a case of he in the room, the eye everywhere, she regulating the rhythm of the kitchen. Do not believe it if anybody tells you that the Crampons' stuffed cockles are subordinate: right on the sea as they are, their learned vigour expends itself principally on marine products. Should you think of making a night of it, Monsieur Crampon's arrangements comprise rustic bungalows and a sympathetic installation.

The compilers of these vital books have not spared themselves. They have tackled, on our behalf, mounds of stag pasty, poultry liver and goose preserve. On terraces shaded by a demented vegetation, they have been proffered such enslavements as oscillation of duck, boiling of eels, sludge of pike and crusty bannocks. They have marched instantly into radiant restaurants and astonished themselves at the cheese custard, the fruit goblets, the devil-chicken. They have visited Madame Blottière and admired her smart cottage, her charming interior, her lobsters (both the July-August and the American woman), her black pudding, her fat liver, her marine mussels. They have passed *un gentil week-end* and watered her menus with a superior Claret.

In Paris the pace quickens, and the authors somewhat lose their heads. Into Monsieur Chambon's (calm the evening) for a hundred franc Raspberry, on to Monsieur Duvalet, whose table prestiges itself with vine-estates in water-bottles, and then to Monsieur Colin in order to venerate the fish-soup with garlic and the twigs of grilled almonds. Despite vigorous use of the dictionary it is not always easy to grasp what we are supposed to be doing. If, for instance, the femininity which accompanies you is not too futile, choose a framework propitious to a head to head and propose to it the crab puff-paste: offer it several running wines: summon the ringleader into the arbour and request him to effect his demonstrations. Beware of mid-day concourse and commence with stunning hors d'œuvres of which the price is fixed by the number of radish-dishes.

Beware also of Monsieur Dugas. It is all very well for him to have a gay brewhouse framework if, as it appears, he cannot singe under three hundred francs. It is useless, we are told, to try to question Monsieur Dugas, who is neither very visible nor very blabbing, though you may catch sight of him circulating in a clodhopper blouse in the middle of a good child public. Madame Dugas is totally invisible, occupied as she is with plotting her perfuming-pans and composing her particulars. This establishment also boasts an atmosphere of business men tarrying for a tasting of sea articles, and at selected moments Monsieur Dugas darts into the kitchen and looks sharp betimes to cut up the shanks and the big pieces.

Perhaps, after all, there is something to be said for 60 Brms, and Tel 349, and Lunch 5s.6 1-2 p.m.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

The Arts and Entertainment

BROBDINGNAG

THE Arts Council's scheme of asking sixty painters to submit large canvases (the minimum size was 45in. × 60in.) for a Festival Exhibition, to be "commended to the new collective patrons of the future", is typical of the well-meaning but muddled thinking with which the familiar problem of the Artist and Society is so frequently approached nowadays. The problem of encouraging a tradition of Public, as opposed to Private, art cannot be solved simply by giving painters a chance to work on a large scale. The disappearance of what was really an official system of private patronage has robbed the contemporary artist of any vital *sense of communication*, and his work has therefore tended to become—in an ironically different sense—more and more private. It will now only be possible for him to develop a more robust idiom if he is put into closer contact with his "collective patrons"; if, in fact, he is given the opportunity of working under the stimulus and tension of rather more definite directives, concerning not only scale but position, subject-matter and purpose. One can argue that the murals on the South Bank, where some of these conditions did apply, are disappointing. But the re-orientation necessary is bound to be gradual and to those who believe that any work done under such conditions must be banal, I recommend the excellent panels by Dempster and Evans in the far end of the Agricultural pavilion; they illustrate a definite theme, can be fairly easily enjoyed by the general public and are, at the same time, painted in a lively way.

This exhibition, then, of 54 large paintings, at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk St., has nothing to do with the future of any public art; it does, however, indicate which of our contemporary painters are able to exploit the possibilities of designing on a larger scale, which of them can just survive the test of it, and which of them fail sadly and completely. The many failures are so obvious that it would be invidious to mention any of them particularly; all of them have extended only the dimensions of their pictures. It is the successes which are worth noticing. The most

obvious is a tall painting by Peter Lanyon. Previously I had thought the effect of his landscape-cross-sections too fortuitous, their textures and shapes liable to so many interpretations that they were almost meaningless. But in this picture the forms are solid and strong and the frontiers of the open spaces firm; while the rhythm of the apparently casual gestures of paint, which hold together vaguely natural and architectural formations, is quite precisely evocative of the rhythm of the sea and the elements. One gains not only a generalised sense of weather and place but of geological and tidal change.

There is a blue painting of Trafalgar Square by Ceri Richards. His development from a system of formalised images for the figure towards a corresponding system for atmosphere, movement and light is most interesting; here the flowering of the fountain, the flight and scurry of the pigeons, the antics of a street photographer are "caught" in a sort of calligraphic snapshot, whose perspectives and images are both witty and lyrical. Patrick Heron has woven a tapestry-like painting (10ft. long) of the objects, people and children in a room on Christmas Eve. It is gay and completely justifies its size. Personally I preferred it to the Hitchens. This is the largest painting in the exhibition (nearly 19ft. long) and its organisation is a formidable achievement—even if the comparatively naturalistic mother and child on the right tend to make the more abstract shapes on the left appear merely decorative and therefore, in this context, rather meaningless. Ben Nicholson's work is always curiously scale-less so that the size of this typical picture seems almost irrelevant. Certainly in an architectural setting it would look very pleasant and peaceful. Robert Medley's *Bicyclists* is a good painting and deserved to be one of the five bought by the Arts Council. The only painter who has attempted the heroic scale—in the full, human sense—is Josef Herman with his sturdy, compact miners. But this work is not as good as the one in the Mining pavilion; the tension sags on the right. The others who have *not* failed are Prunella Clough, Claude Rogers (who also deserved to be bought), Ruskin Spear, John Armstrong, Elinor Bellingham-Smith and Lucien Freud.

JOHN BERGER

GLYNDEBOURNE

SOONER or later Glyndebourne was bound to tackle *Idomeneo*; and now the long-deferred task has been splendidly achieved. Carl Ebert, Oliver Messel and Fritz Busch have pooled their brilliant talents to create a unified and entirely appropriate effect. The decorations are of a Venetian magnificence. The temptation to clothe the slow-moving action with extraneous liveliness must have been strong; but, with the exception of some too persistently grinning coryphées, it has been resisted. Unless our unvocal century is visited by a sudden flight of songbirds, none of us is likely to encounter a better *Idomeneo*.

Enthusiasts, emerging into the Sussex evening air from Mr. Christie's theatre, were loudly demanding how such a masterpiece could have been so long neglected. But there is really no mystery about the fate of *Idomeneo*. This noble work, the first outburst of Mozart's mature genius on a grand scale, could never survive in the repertory; the obsolete *opera seria* convention and the Abbé Varesco's lackadaisical libretto are too much for the sublime music. Mozart himself, though he is said to have loved it above all his works, as a mother loves her neglected child, wished to change it radically when there was some hope (unfulfilled) of a public Viennese performance later in the year of its first production: he proposed to increase the French element and to rewrite the title role for a bass. Later on, for a private performance by a circle of aristocratic connoisseurs, he made huge cuts and altered the *castrato* part of Idamante for a tenor (this change has been followed at Glyndebourne). The truth is that, by 1781, *opera seria* was already a declining art form; Mozart, though no revolutionary like Gluck, was attempting to charge it with a dramatic force and intensity which it was hardly fitted to bear. The fascination of *Idomeneo* is not only that it contains so much glorious and unfamiliar music, but that it points, more than anything else in the composer's huge output, towards the great tragic masterpieces which he might have written if he had survived into the nineteenth century and attained the recognition to which his genius entitled him. Listening to *Idomeneo* and to some of the tremendous concert arias for bass (such as "Cosi dunque tradisci"), one can see why Goethe always declared that Mozart was the one composer who could have done justice to his *Faust*.

The depth and significance of the music increase steadily throughout the three acts. The first, written in Salzburg, is the most conventional; by the time he has reached the last, with the tiresome Abbé far away, Mozart is indulging in all sorts of experiments: long stretches of freely modulating accompanied recitative, arioso melting into aria and interspersed with chorus, and a quartet which ranks as the greatest ensemble in all *opera seria*. There are also strangely prophetic moments. Like much of *Idomeneo*, the choruses are inspired by Gluck, but their frequent unison passages and their strange, mournful insistence, will remind many Glyndebourne listeners of the young Verdi, the Verdi of *Macbeth*.

The performance was especially notable for the superb realisation (in tone and grouping) of these choruses, and for the playing of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Busch. One only of the soloists (not counting the impressive Arbace of Alfred Poell, whose arias were cut) reached a similar level. This was Sena Jurinac, the Ilia, whose singing in the last two acts was meltingly beautiful. It is difficult to find performers to do justice to the extended and highly elaborate arias of Idomenea and Electra; Richard Lewis's intelligent musicianship is hampered by poor Italian and inadequate command of the florid style, while Birgit Nilsson seemed uncomfortable (as well she might be) in a part standing midway between Donna Anna and the Queen of the Night. Like the rest, Léopold Simoneau (as Idamante) warmed up through the evening, without attaining quite the beauty of tone his Aix reputation had led us to expect; it will be interesting to hear his Don Ottavio.

This year's *Figaro* is easily the best of the three productions of this opera which Glyndebourne has sponsored since the war (the other two were given at Edinburgh). Particularly fine are the performances of Alfred Poell and Lisa della Casa as the Count and Countess. As a stylist, Poell stands head and shoulders above his colleagues. His voice is not an instrument of great sensuous charm; but his every phrase is charged with meaning, his Italian is authentic, and he possesses the now rare gift of authority. Lisa della Casa brings unruffled dignity to her performance, singing "Dove sono" with winning simplicity and uncommon beauty of tone. The Susanna of Genevieve Warner is also steady and accurate, but insufficiently characterised and deficient in charm. I was much taken with the Cherubino of Dorothy MacNeil, so freshly sung and so brimming with life and mischief. The Figaro of Alois Pernerstorfer, vocally and dramatically coarse, was the only blot on the production. Except, I must add, for the scenery. After the mediocrity of Messrs. Hamish Wilson and Rolf Gérard, Glyndebourne has taken a further step downhill in its latest *Figaro* designer, whose name I forbear to mention. He has shown a really fiendish ingenuity in converting eighteenth-century interiors—in themselves among the most elegant inventions of Western man—into gross and flamboyant shapes. Fritz Busch, though now and again he might with advantage slacken the tempo, maintained admirable control of his forces, and the great finale to Act 2 went as well as ever.

Until it is possible to remount *Parsifal*, to engage a conductor in full sympathy with the score,

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and to allow enough time for its adequate rehearsal, Covent Garden would be well advised to leave this opera alone. The old Beyreuth monopoly had its justification: when coarsely handled the work is made to appear unbearably vulgar. Apart from the superb Gurnemanz of Ludwig Weber, the capable Parsifal of Franz Lechleitner, and the smoothly sung Kundry of Kirsten Flagstad, this year's revival is better forgotten.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"L'Ingénue Libertine," at the Cameo-Polytechnic

"Pattes Blanches," at the Continental

"Whirlpool," at the Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion

For the first twenty minutes or so you may think that in *l'Ingénue Libertine* the sisterhood of *Gigi* (Colette-Audry-Danièle Delorme) have done it again. Mlle Delorme, bewitchingly innocent in the long ago, dreams of apache lovers and marries a nice dull cousin. On their wedding night she reels out her favourite dream, all passion and secret meetings and corpses negligently strewn; and while she yarns we see what actually befell. Her demon lover has never clasped her or even spoken a word to her, but once she tripped over his toes as he reclined on the tree-shaded road, and once she traipsed half the night looking for him and meeting only with an over-friendly diner-out from whom she skedaddled through a flock of sheep. Romantic narrative, prettily squalid fact, and the sort of sentimental music only the French can vamp from a street corner and a concertina, combine to give these sequences an irresistible comic lilt. The lady limps home, the idyll ends, the husband hasn't believed a word of it; but between them an absurd barrier is raised which won't be lowered till the end of the film. Years later, in Monte Carlo, with the symbols of cactus and water, she will open her arms to him.

It has taken too long, and it's far to artificial; we don't credit for a moment either the lady's innocence or her husband's patience (which he exercises with some sort of enlarged guitar in his music shop), or her search for ideal lovers and final discovery of the man beside her. This is the sort of trick or tease that a novelist perhaps can bring off without tedium. I found myself wishing after a time that—despite Mlle Delorme—I was reading Colette and not looking on at Colette adapted. Still, the adaptation has made the most of period and fashions, and there are funny as well as languorous moments. One of the best of these is when the husband's jealousy drives him to employing a detective. That detective, whose adherence suggests rather an inflexibly odd admirer, has to be seen to be enjoyed; and I don't mind betting he grew on the screen.

The other French film, with Anouilh and Grémillon collaborating, more heavily disappoints. A small Breton port is littered with types of the *pièce noire*—lonely aristocrat and murderous bastard, hump-backed servant girl, fishy inn-keeper with the *poule* destined to be strangled in her wedding dress. Between them they make good company for a windy dark night on the cliff; all running, and a near thing who will get whom. Direction and photography go some way to redeeming a situation that tends to self-parody; there are instants—with the murderous half-wit looking down at the wedding procession on the breakwater, the banister shadows moving over the locked door—that realise Grémillon's mastery of atmosphere. The wedding offers good if obvious opportunities, and the straw-littered *château* clocks in with modish decay. On the whole, this is a waste of considerable if uneven talent.

The heroine of *Whirlpool* is a kleptomaniac, the hero a psychologist, the villain a hypnotist-astrologer; and so we should be well set. But melodrama pulls a long face. At last the hypnogogue, starting modestly with blackmail, really does manage to spread himself a little, nips to and from a hospital bed on the danger-list to commit murder, and compels someone else to wait with a pair of fire-tongs for the police to arrive—all by hypnotism. This film isn't likely to satisfy the connoisseur of far-fetched thrills, and its comic bias needs encouragement. It has missed its vocation. A song or two ("Stealing Hands" and "You're my Deep-seated Anxiety"), Danny Kaye as the pin-stripe wizard, and a conclusion of happy transferences all round, would make just the difference.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

Measure for Measure is not, I think, the easiest play for the modern critic to judge or even understand. Seen on the stage or heard on the radio, it is subtly—and somewhat disconcertingly—different from one's memories of it. Memory is selective, and what one has remembered, of course, is not the play but the great moments in it, the great impassioned broodings on death and sin and lust and the exposures of human frailty in Claudio and Angelo. Memory has failed to remember the framework of the play, its mechanics; and seeing or hearing it, one can scarcely avoid being bothered by problems that were doubtless meaningless to Shakespeare, problems of motive, of moral emphasis; so much so that one always vaguely wonders whether the modern way of rendering this play may not be entirely wrong. Would it, for example, not be more effective if played as dark, ferocious comedy, in the manner of Ben Jonson, comedy which a tougher-minded generation than ourselves might have found really *funny*? Well, Mr. Harding's production in the Third was orthodox enough, and for the most part very good indeed, though I did not see the point of cutting the last act so severely; it seemed to me to lessen the climax. Mr. Stephen Murray played Angelo admirably, in the modern way; that is, with his noble voice he endowed him with the suggestion of complexity of character of a kind that helps, for the modern listener, to explain his behaviour. And Miss Claire Bloom was a poignant Isabella. But what especially pleased me was the vigorous playing of the "low" characters, Mr. Norman Shelley's Pompey and Mr. Dennis Arundell's Lucio and the Mistress Overdone of Miss Marriott-Watson. These set the main action in a context of scurrilous and uninhibited comedy.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis's fragment, *The Childermass*, is also a difficult work, partly because it is a fragment. I would like to know what listeners ignorant of Mr. Lewis made of the dramatisation of the judgment scene excellently contrived by Mr. D. G. Bridson and produced by him in the Third the other evening. At the lowest, it seemed to me tremendous fun, and exhilarating as Mr. Lewis always is, with the impact of one of the few original minds of our time. It was acted with great gusto, and Mr. Wolfit's was a superbly funny performance of the Bailiff, whom he presented in terms almost of the music-hall.

Canon Demant's talk, *Do New Techniques Need New Virtues?* I found as fascinating as the series of talks of which it was a criticism, Bertrand Russell's *Living in an Atomic Age*. There were, of course, no surprises in either: Lord Russell said what one expected him to say, and Canon Demant added the Christian comment. I must say I found the comment damaging. As an exposition of the eighteenth-century rationalist point of view, Lord Russell's talks on our present plight were noble and moving. And yet, and yet. . . . Fundamental to the exposition was an "if": "If mankind learn to practise the co-operation which modern techniques demand" then "general well-being may be realised." Reason indicates what is necessary to be done; if only mankind will be reasonable.

To Paris by Viking made a very pleasant hour. What was interesting was not so much the flight as the on-the-spot broadcasts from points on the route below. I found the visit to a fishing boat in the Channel especially rewarding; there was a vivid account of the crew hauling in the catch, though I could have wished the commentator had not referred to the crew as "boys." And the commentators at Dieppe, Rouen, and other towns and villages, were amazingly successful in evoking something at least of the atmosphere of France. This was as good an Outside Broadcast as I have heard for a very long time: radio was doing what only radio can do.

WILLIAM SALTER

Matthew Smith, at Tooth's

Matthew Smith is a great colourist; which does not simply mean that he has a good sense of colour, but that colour as colour—rather than as a means for interpreting volumn or space—forms the very basis of his work. In black and white reproduction even his best pictures look loosely composed, clumsy, almost slovenly; yet in fact their colour, serving as firm and precise a purpose as the keystone in an arch, holds them taut and makes real sense of their drawing. An artist like Matthew Smith, however, can only apprehend colour emotionally and intuitively. He works quickly, frantically, his present excitement forming an immediate circuit with the skill of his past experience. Necessarily he has bad periods when his paintings are turgid and insufficiently disciplined. If recently a number of these have been shown in London, this excellent exhibition will redress the balance and serve to remind us how extraordinary it is that England should have produced a great *sensuous* painter. It includes fourteen earlier pictures, their richness sultry and Venetian, and ten new ones, their colour bright and uncompromising—with hardly any appeasing, intermediate tones between the clashes. Compare the two lovely girls in yellow dresses, one of them painted in 1925, the other in 1948. The most recent of all (1951) promises still further development and is slightly reminiscent of Matisse who once taught him.

J. B.

"Oedipus" at Bryanston

Since 1949 the boys at Bryanston have been building their own Open Air Theatre in the magnificent park of the school, and this summer they have finished it: the first theatre to be built in England for twelve years. Deep in the trees, the open stage and the tiers of grey, concrete seats, are austere and satisfying to look at. The acoustics are good, and even the whine of an occasional jet plane did not wipe out the words of the young actors who gave their inaugural performances of *Oedipus* for several days last week. The production, especially of the terrifying and stylised chorus in their masks was excellent; the acting had dignity and showed that, allowing for the inevitable lack of a full emotional capacity, a group of well-trained boys do better at plays which require plain declamation, than in the quicker, subtler moments of the modern realism that is generally given to them. Mr. Donat's Oedipus was serious and effective; he rose to the moment of agony surprisingly well. And Mr. Cotton's fine and pliable rendering in the Attendant's narrative, and Mr. Van Bain's shepherd were very satisfying. The only criticism of a vivid production is that a poor translation which lacked all feeling for language, was a handicap to the actors.

V. S. P.

Fondation Singer-Polignac, in the Avenue Georges-Mandel, Paris

Winnaretta de Polignac died in 1943. Last week her great house, known and frequented by musical, artistic and literary Europe for the half century before the War, was formally opened as an *Etablissement français* for the service of letters, arts, science and philanthropy, to which she had devoted (and so justified) the opportunities of her great wealth. The simple ceremony, honoured by the President of the Republic, was set in stately brilliance: the grand marble staircase lined with booted and helmeted *gardes municipaux*. The Foundress, daughter of the Singer whose machine ranks with that of Dunlop as an outstanding easement of modern life, and widow of Prince Edmond de Polignac, thus linked the traditions of the old world with the aspirations of the new. As Monsieur Farel of the Institut de France indicated, "*Winnaretta Singer avait le sentiment des grandes choses.*" At the opening prizes of a million francs each were handed to MM. Pol Bouin and Paul Ancel, physiologists; to the painter M. Jean Aujame

for "*la sincerité d'un effort inquiet et persévérant de discipliner ses dons brillants et tumultueux*" ; to M. Henri Expert, for his *plus de trente-cinq volumes* of *les créations des maîtres musiciens de la Renaissance* ; and to the *Sanatorium des Etudiants de France*. And it seems appropriate in the gallery where Winnaretta de Polignac had shared two piano recitals with Arthur Rubinstein, where she had received, as of right, the dedications of Fauré, Stravinsky, the *Six* and their successors, that the proceedings should end in a concert of modern French music conducted, with the poise of a Caryatid, by Mlle Nadia Boulanger. R. S.

The Dickens Pageant at Rochester

The Rochester incidents in Dickens's life and works have been nearly carpentered into a plausible script for a pageant ; hundreds of willing workers learned parts, made costumes and properties, helped in the vast preparation of this good idea. The sward before Rochester Castle's stupendous ruin is a fine site on which crowds can be deployed, regiments counter-marched and troops of horsemen manipulated ; but the show as a whole didn't cohere : big crowd scenes cannot be neatly balanced against intimate indoor incidents dependent on dialogue. Despite the batteries of microphones on the scene-platforms, half the words never came through (and the evening was calm and still), so the jollities of the major Pickwickian incidents at inn, ballroom, party and election mostly went for nothing. Scenes in which pictorial action dominated were on the whole splendidly effective : "The Field Day," "The Muggleton Cricket Match" and "Christmas at Dingley Dell" were finely contrived, directed, costumed and played—a sincere Dickensian tribute by the enormous anonymous casts from the towns and villages of the Medway.

A. V. C.

Correspondence

NEW ZEALAND STRIKES

SIR,—It is with great pleasure that we in New Zealand have learned that your paper has been able to put the true facts of our case before the people of England for the first time. I can assure you that the facts are correct to every detail.

A lot more has happened since then. First of all, I would like you to know that the Watersiders here are not on strike, but are locked out by the Government. We are in our eighteenth week of being locked out and our ranks are not even dented ; despite the lies of the Tory press and the Government, 7,560 of our men are standing solid. Beside them are our gallant comrades the seamen, all their members being on strike, the miners, 4,000 out of 4,700 still on strike, and there are many freezing workers and drivers out, in all about 15,000 men and women. The work on the waterfront that is being done by Government scab unions and Servicemen is not worth mentioning, save to say that plenty of badly-needed goods are being smashed to pieces and the costs are increasing every day. To give you an example of the lies that the Tory press is printing here ; in to-day's paper they say that the strike is just about over. They have been saying this for the last two months. On the Wellington waterfront it takes at least 2,500 men to man the port in normal times, but at present they have only been able to get 68 scabs and they have 600 Servicemen on the wharves. We have ships here that have been here since the first week in February, so you can see that things are far from being back to normal, and it is the same all over the country. There are less than 3,000 men working on the wharves all over N.Z., and in normal times it takes about 11,000. This will give you a clear picture of just what is going on here and how the Government is trying to keep the facts from the outside world.

The coal position is very bad : most of the cities and towns are out of gas, and the rail service is cut by two-thirds, sugar cannot be found in most places, flour is short, breakfast cereals do not exist, even the beer is getting low, and most things that the people need are in very short supply. Many factories are having to close down and it will not be long before the country is facing ruin.

As you are aware, we in N.Z. are living under a state of Emergency, and we are being subjected to the most vicious attacks on our freedom of speech and assembly. Peaceful demonstrations have been broken up by the police using batons. On Friday, June 1, when the men in Auckland were marching in a peaceful procession advertising a meeting to be held on the following Sunday, they were set on by the police and 22 of them batoned to the ground. Most of these men were veterans of the two world wars ; 6,000 of our men are returned Servicemen. During the attack in Auckland the police used the most filthy language, calling the women prostitutes and knocking them over.

To-day (June 13) in Wellington, the police stopped Mr. H. Barnes, President of the Waterside Union, from addressing the Seamen and said that from now on no Watersider can address any other union or public meeting, and that all they can address are meetings of Watersiders. This is easy to understand because they did let us have public meetings all over the country and, when the people got the true story, they started to give all the support they could to the locked-out Watersiders and their allies the miners, seamen, freezing workers, and drivers who are on strike to help us. If you have a just case, you are not afraid to meet the public, but our brave Prime Minister is afraid to have a public meeting and hides behind the closed door of the broadcasting studio. If the Watersiders had been working a forty-hour week as they set out to do while the wage case was being argued, nothing would have been short in the country, no loss of coal, no freezing workers on strike, nor seamen ; and all the things that are needed to keep the people fed and clothed would have been available.

Everything that the U.N. stands for has been broken by the Holland Government. The press here has put the gag on our side of the case ; not once have they attempted to put the side of the workers, but they have told plenty of lies on behalf of the Government. If the men had not got a good case, would they have stayed out all this time ? The truth of the matter is the Government does not want to settle the hold-up ; right from the start, when we all agreed on a settlement, they put forward something else. If we accepted that, they came with another proposal. They have stolen our money and our property ; the only thing that they cannot do is steal our guts, and we have plenty of that.

Parliament has not met since last November. So the rule of the people is overruled by one man, namely, Mr. Holland, who said "I will call Parliament together when it is in my opinion necessary." To-day a meeting was held of delegates of all the affected unions, and it was unanimously passed that they would not go back to work until the emergency regulations were repealed, and an honourable settlement of the dispute obtained.

R. E. DOVE
Vice-Pres. Wellington Central Branch N.Z. Labour Party.

SIR,—It is extremely disappointing that your correspondent's comment on the N.Z. Waterfront Dispute should be so very distorted and one-sided. Apart from a few brief editorial comments on the result of our last General Election, I think I am on safe ground in saying that it is several years since any New Zealand affairs were ever mentioned in your paper. Apparently only industrial unrest of major proportions is considered to have sufficient news value.

The facts are that the Waterside Union, dominated by a few self-seeking dictators, has been holding this country to ransom for years. Time and again the Labour Government gave in to their preposterous demands till the New Zealand Waterfront became known as the most inefficient in the world and the go-slow tactics a disgrace to any country and any government.

All right thinking decent people have been behind the National Government in their big effort to rid New Zealand of this curse. It now looks as though these efforts have been successful and the malcontents will need to find other jobs. If they have been so badly treated on the wharves, one wonders why they are so keen to go back to their slavery again. There are about 40,000 jobs awaiting them in other trades. The fact that the N.Z. Federation of Labour is against the striking, de-registered unions should speak for itself.

As for the Emergency Regulations, these same

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regulations were used by the Labour Government during a waterfront strike. Their use has not been abused in any way. Surely the violent behaviour of a few anti-social saboteurs calls for police action and tapping of telephones and opening of correspondence. These latter methods I very much doubt. It is absolutely incorrect that there has been suppression of speech. The press have reported the strike leaders in detail. To say that newspapers must print the Government case or nothing is untrue, and it is an incorrect and disgraceful statement "that the police have accepted the regulations as a green light for a no-holds-barred attitude." K. J. LANDER

112 Whites Line, Lower Hutt, N.Z.

SOCIALISM AND REARMAMENT

SIR,—It has not taken Mr. Healey long to trot out those emotive catchwords "defeatism" and "appeasement" so well-beloved by the Right whose views he repudiates, but he has not answered convincingly the two points I made in my previous letter.

In replying to my first point Mr. Healey maintains that the present rearmament programmes of the Western countries (described with almost oriental quaintness as "trying to correct the local military balance") will not hasten a Soviet attack because Russia knows she is certain to be defeated in a world war with the U.S. against her. It is natural to ask why, if that is so with our existing armaments, it is necessary for the U.S. and this country to double their expenditure on Defence in the absence of comparable rearmament in the Soviet Union. Mr. Healey then goes on to say that Russia will not risk even local and indirect aggression if she is sure her victims are able to defend themselves, and that collective rearmament is the only way of assuring her of this. The implication here is that the present armed strength of the Western countries is not sufficient to deter local and indirect aggression; but in that case the announcement that we are weak now and that in time we shall have overwhelming strength will surely encourage the Soviet Union to embark on such adventures in the meantime if she has a mind to do so. This was one point I made.

I would add that it is difficult for a layman in these days of global operations to understand just what is meant by the Soviet "local military superiority" to which Mr. Healey refers, but granting that it has a meaning it is even more difficult for the layman to believe that the huge increases in Defence expenditure now planned by the N.A.T.O. countries are necessary merely to correct this local balance. He is likely to suspect that such expenditure has more to do with Dean Rusk policies of "fighting Communism all over the world."

As regards the second point in my previous letter concerning an arms race, Mr. Healey argues that all is well because if there is a race "we should win by several laps." I do not know what meaning can be given to "winning" in this context. Admittedly I was thinking of the long run when I wrote of Russian production, and it is certain that we could outdistance the Soviet Union and her allies in the short run; but to "win" implies an end to the race. That could either come about by war (as always in the past), in which case the whole of this discussion is pointless; or through the race being called off by one or both sides. Mr. Healey's belief that the Soviet Union will call it off unilaterally when she sees the West is temporarily outdistancing her is vastly more hypothetical than my own projection of present relative rates of economic development into the future. Official thinking appears to envisage that the cold war may go on for decades, and in such a period Soviet economic development certainly will be a factor to be reckoned with: on the other hand, if Mr. Healey's hopes are fulfilled, there will be no serious internal divisions in the Western world for the Soviet Union to exploit, and even inoffensive animals show fight when cornered.

Mr. Healey kindly suggests that my time would be better spent in trying to reduce the social and economic strains resulting from the policy he supports. May I in return suggest that during his travels abroad he might do a little slumming in order to verify his statement that Soviet local military superiority is the greatest single asset of the Communists on this side of the frontier?

Muswell Hill, N.10. D. T. BOWERS

FREEDOM AND CATHOLICISM

SIR,—I have carefully re-read the passages, which I quoted from Mr. Lunn's *And the Floods Came* (1942), and can find no trace of irony in them. Can anyone?

On page 143 he answered those "non-Catholics," who "often ask why Father Coughlin . . . has not been subjected to disciplinary action and suppressed." How simple it would have been if Mr. Lunn could just have replied, as now, "He *has* been suppressed," but unfortunately he couldn't. His answer had to be a persuasive, "realist" explanation of why suppression was thought unwise. One of the arguments for this non-intervention, which Mr. Lunn seemed to accept (he did not accept them all), was, that, "if Father Coughlin were abruptly silenced . . . his working-class followers would secede." Mr. Lunn illustrated by a humorous anecdote the dilemma of the Bishop of Detroit, who was Father Coughlin's superior, yet could not risk affronting so capable a harvester of souls. He had an indulgent twinkle for the bishop's embarrassment and expected "those on the side lines" to be equally understanding. Mr. Lunn now tells us that the bishop managed to extricate himself from this dilemma and that Father Coughlin was in the end suppressed. It would be interesting to know how and why and, in particular, when. After or before Ausschwitz? After or before the war-time censorship in America? And when Mr. Lunn says he was "censured in Rome" is he referring merely to some disapproving references in *Osservatore Romano*?

Father Coughlin was inspired, according to Mr. Lunn, by a Father Denis Fahey, whose book, *The Mystical Body of Christ in the Modern World*, draws on Mrs. Nesta Webster and the Protocols of Zion for its anti-semitic gospel. This book was published with ecclesiastical sanction (and the writer is commended, with cautious qualifications, by Mr. Lunn). How can one say that anti-semitism is unreservedly condemned by the Catholic Church?

Would not Mr. Lunn agree that few educated Catholics are anti-semites, but that the Catholic Church has no such weapons against anti-semitism as it wields so vigorously against what most men regard as lesser offences or no offences at all? Let us suppose that Father Coughlin had publicly criticised the Ne Temere decree about mixed marriages, would not he have been suppressed with the greatest of ease? And must not liberals discover here a perverted scale of values? What crime could have precedence over the crime of preaching and condoning anti-semitism in the days of Hitler?

As for Mr. Lunn's war-time propaganda campaign in Ireland, I accept gratefully his assurance that he never hoped for a Catholic crusade against Russia, but that he held out such hopes to at least one audience there can be no doubt. His words, in their context or out of it, cannot possibly bear the interpretation he now gives them. Irony? No! Cynicism? Perhaps. If you wish to get a mule into harness, almost any old carrot will do. You haven't to eat it yourself. HUBERT BUTLER

Kilkenny.

KASHMIR

SIR,—I was more than a little surprised to find that Critic has accepted at its face value the argument often used by other commentators that the Kashmir dispute has placed an onerous financial and economic burden on India. As Critic's remarks have caused much confusion among many well-meaning people, it is necessary to examine this question more carefully.

The Defence estimate of the Government of India for 1951-52 is £146,000,000 out of a total Central Budget of £282,000,000 (approximately 50 per cent.). This appears, at first sight, an exorbitant figure, but, actually, it represents only 3 to 4 per cent. of the Indian National Income. The important fact to remember here is that the Central Budget covers only a small portion of India's National Income.

Judging by standards in other countries, the Indian Defence expenditure cannot be considered too high. It certainly compares very favourably, indeed, with the defence expenditure of the United Kingdom which is 12 to 13 per cent. of the National Income. Moreover, the Defence expenditure of the Government of India, amounting to 50 per cent. of the Central Budget, is not without precedent. In fact, during the last 20 years or so, it has hardly ever been below this percentage. For instance, in 1936-37—a year when the international situation was much less acute than at present—it amounted to 54 per cent. of the Central Budget.

It is therefore clear that it is not the Kashmir dispute that is hampering Indian economic development. A little more sanity in international relations leading to greater supply of food and capital goods at reasonable prices would be a far more important factor in enabling India to complete rapidly the many projects which she has started. Your efforts to bring about such sanity are indeed commendable. It is therefore all the more to be regretted that Critic should have let himself be influenced by the arguments of persons who are interested neither in the welfare of Kashmir nor India, but only in the transfer of Indian and Pakistani troops from their present dispositions for guard duties in the Middle and Far East, and, perhaps, in the active theatre of operations in Korea.

London, N.W.6. M. RIEGER

[The financial and economic burden of the Kashmir dispute is large, but we agree that it is less serious than the diversion of brains, time and manpower from constructive purposes.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MENS SANA

SIR,—Kingsley Martin's "Scandinavian Notes" is a treat, but we shouldn't let him get away with two points. In rounding off the report on the bathing with "birching" sandwich he had in Finland, he left non-polyglot readers like myself in a maze with the statement, "mens sana in corpore sauna." Could it mean "I wasn't the worse off for the birching"?

Also, taking the Frenchman as the plumbline of the "par" people, the German becomes conspicuous by his absence on Mr. Martin's catalogue. But wasn't it Bismarck who said he did not consider a man as having lived soundly who did not consume several thousand litres of rum [beer?] in a lifetime? I forget how many thousands. TAI SOLARIN

77 Forest Lane, Stratford, E.15.

FRANCES HODGKINS

SIR,—A large number of letters from Frances Hodgkins to her relatives and friends has recently been collected in New Zealand. Before arrangements are made for the preparation of a biography and the editing of her correspondence, the artist's relatives are anxious to trace the letters held in Great Britain and Europe. I should be most grateful if any of your readers having letters of Frances Hodgkins in their possession, or knowing their whereabouts, would write to me at New Zealand House, 415 Strand, London, W.C.2. W. J. JORDAN

High Commissioner for New Zealand.

NORMAN DOUGLAS

SIR,—I am working on a bibliography of Norman Douglas, and should be grateful if I might appeal through your columns for material of interest. I should particularly welcome any opportunity to see or hear of writings of Mr. Douglas published in the United States, periodicals, translations and literary allusions to his work.

24 Victoria Square, S.W.1. CECIL WOOLF

BRITAIN AND CHINA

SIR,—In your issue of June 9 you were good enough to publish a letter from me under the above caption.

In this letter I referred to a distressing incident relating to the ill-treatment of nuns in Canton. My information, which came from a hitherto unimpeachable source, was that the report of this occurrence had been published in the New China News Agency. I now find that I was misinformed. I should be grateful if you would allow me, through you, to express my sincere apologies to the New China News Agency, to Mr. Tsou and to such of my Chinese friends and friends of China who may have been caused distress on reading the relevant portion of my letter. HILDA SELWYN-CLARKE

3 Chivelston, S.W.19.

Books in General

EVERY artist wants to live for ever. Though he creates primarily because he must, still he expects his creation to win immortality for him. There are many paths to this heaven, all of them difficult; the most certain of them is when men can say—"this is the phrase that launched a thousand ships." It does not matter if the phrase is misinterpreted, torn from its context, made to do work for which it was never intended. The great thing is to crystallise the beliefs and delusions of a generation in a single sentence. Rousseau would have been appalled by the terror which was conducted in the name of the Social Contract; Darwin was bewildered by the political doctrines which were built round the survival of the fittest; Marx would have railed against the dictatorship of the proletariat as it is practised in Russia. For that matter, Jesus Christ would have been dismayed by the doctrines and, still more, the practice of the Christian churches. Every great movement crucifies its founder; and in so doing gives him immortality.

Nietzsche has had the same fate, or achieved the same destiny. He was captured by the dictators of our time. Hitler kept a bust of him on show and consoled Mussolini for the disasters of 1943 with a set of his complete works. Nietzsche's great phrases seemed made for Fascism; it was inconceivable without them. The Will to Power, the Master Race, the Superman—Fascism did not need to look farther for its philosophy. Plenty of others lived by picking up the sweepings of Nietzsche's study. Freud declared that he had avoided reading Nietzsche in order to preserve his open mind—a sure confession that he looted from him. Bernard Shaw, always tawdry when it came to systematic thinking, could never have got along without the ideas he took over from Nietzsche and from his English contemporary, Samuel Butler. Nietzsche would certainly have repudiated his disciples. For one thing, he detested the Germans; he tried to make out that he was of Polish descent and wished that he could write his books in French. He called himself "a good European" and perhaps he was right to lecture in Switzerland. Dr. Oscar Levy, his English translator, used to write protestingly to the newspapers whenever Nietzsche was blamed for the behaviour of the Germans or of the Nazis; and now an American, Professor Kaufmann, has carried out a mission of rescue on a larger scale.* This is the most sensible exposition of Nietzsche's philosophy ever made; if it fails to reveal the full secret it is because it forgets that Nietzsche, as well as being a philosopher, was something more important—a writer of the highest genius.

Nietzsche knew it himself. He said with perfect truth: "One day it will be recognised that Heine and I have been by far the first artists of the German language—at an incalculable distance from everything that mere Germans have done with it." Nietzsche invented a style so personal and so powerful that it can be recognised in a single sentence or even in a single phrase. Carlyle did the same; and Nietzsche admitted the likeness, though he dismissed, rightly, the triviality of Carlyle's ideas. It is, after all, very rare for a great writer to be a great thinker; and anyone who has ever tried to read any philosophy must know that the other way round it is rarer still. Nietzsche liked to think that he was a philosopher first of all. He wrote of The *Will to Power*: "a book for *thinking*, nothing else; it belongs to those to whom thinking is a *delight*, nothing else." Yet even this phrase gives him away. Whoever the reader may be, the writer is obviously getting a *delight* in expressing his thoughts, as well as thinking them. In fact Nietzsche's genius was his curse: if he had written less well, he would never have won the admiration of those solitary souls, the dictators.

It was Nietzsche who made the great discovery: "God is dead." This was not a declaration of atheism. In that case Nietzsche, always accurate, would have said: "God does not exist." He was announcing the end of faith in the supernatural and, still more, the end of the spirit-body dualism on which all Western morality had been based. How were things to be kept going when the sanctions of tradition and the supernatural were removed? Nietzsche was the first to answer: "Become who you are." Develop according to your own rules and not according to rules made up outside by others. Nietzsche also thought that he had discovered this rule of development; in formulating it, he made the great mistake which opened the door to every misunderstanding. The motive of human action, he supposed, was the Will to Power. The phrase, as Nietzsche designed it, was a provocation, almost a joke; it was a jeering reference to the contemporary German craze for the power of the state. Though a reference, it was also a repudiation. Far from wanting power over others, Nietzsche's man should want power over himself; or, to put it another way, should want to develop his powers. Nietzsche spoke constantly of "overcoming"; but the most important sort of overcoming was to overcome yourself. Even the "overman" has the same significance: though a conqueror, he is primarily a self-conqueror. This is, too, the only sense in which the superman is "bred": he breeds himself. Nietzsche was as knocked over as all his contemporaries by Darwin's supposed discovery that man was an animal. He was not, however, so silly as to try to escape from this by turning man into a superior animal. Nietzsche's superman is not a biological type at all: he is the individual who has lifted himself out of the animal-ruck by heaving at his own shoestrings. How do you tell the superman? Nietzsche's answer at last gives him away and shows that he was a great writer, more than a great philosopher. For the answer is a joke on a cosmic scale. It is the doctrine of "eternal recurrence": everything has happened before and will go on happening over and over again. Only a superman could stand such a doctrine; therefore you present it to him like a piece of litmus paper. If he is not a superman, he will go off his head. And this is exactly what Nietzsche did: as a last and colossal joke, the litmus-test produced a result of a most surprising kind. Or was Nietzsche's madness the effect of the disease with which he is alleged to have deliberately infected himself in his only sexual encounter? This too would be a joke of a Nietzschean character: "*bosheft*," meaning malicious and sarcastic at once, was his favourite word for such pranks.

Nietzsche's doctrines had a logical form and can be presented in a logical way. Since he was the first modern thinker to face a non-theological universe, he anticipated most of the ideas that have come after. He anticipated psychoanalysis; he anticipated existentialism; even eternal recurrence is now a commonplace in the scientific world. He prided himself most on his methods, not on his results; and his method was that of ceaseless inquiry. He imagined himself as a latter-day Socrates; and what he hated in Christianity was its dogmatism, its elevation of faith over reason. "Convictions are prisons." His ideal was Goethe: "the man of *totality*: he fought the mutual extraneousness of reason, sensuality, feeling, and will . . . the man of tolerance, not from weakness, but from strength." Indeed he chose the title of his last work, *Ecce Homo*, as an echo of Napoleon's remark when he met Goethe: *voilà l'homme*. Yet when every effort has been made to turn Nietzsche into a man of balance and reason or the great Stoic of our times, doubt raises its head; the Socratic questioning starts again, this time at Nietzsche's expense. Certainly Nietzsche disliked the Germans, hated anti-Semitism, despised those who lived for public success. All the same, he gave them plenty of openings. As he exposes himself to perversions, he has the air of the elderly woman anxiously demanding of the enemy officer: "When does the raping begin?" Carlyle preached silence in forty volumes; Nietzsche preached sanity and tolerance in works that were raving mad and savagely intolerant from the beginning.

It will not do to blame all the misunderstanding on his sister, as Professor Kaufmann and others have done. Certainly Frau Förster-Nietzsche set out to capture Nietzsche for German nationalism at its most nonsensical; and she spent forty years editing his works in such a way that his subversive thoughts were obscured. But he had given her the excuse and the opportunity. From Luther to Hitler the Germans have always wanted an iron framework of discipline to keep them in reasonable order; when they lose this, they go mad, as Nietzsche did, and it was only to be expected that the Germans would follow his example rather than his teaching. Nietzsche himself felt detached from the community; he was an individual in the void, and he supposed that he was preaching to a few individuals equally detached. His success came when a whole society lost its bearings and threatened to disintegrate. It is all very well to call for the superman so long as you can be sure that the right kind of superman will

* *Nietzsche: Philosopher, Psychologist, Antichrist.* By Walter A. Kaufmann. *Princeton University Press: Cumberlege.* 40s.

respond to the call. If Mussolini and Hitler turn up instead, who is Nietzsche (or even Professor Kaufmann) to say that they do not conform to the terms of the advertisement? Nietzsche himself said of Napoleon: "the revolution made Napoleon possible; that is its justification. For such a prize the anarchical crash of our entire civilisation is welcome." The words could be written up over the bunker, if it still exists, of the Chancellery in Berlin. If the Fascists and Nazis, with their will to power and their freedom from slave-morality, beyond good and evil, were not the supermen of Nietzsche's imagination, they were too near it to be comfortable.

The truth is that the individual judgment, with all its enterprise and courage, needs to operate in a settled community. The pioneer must be ahead of his fellows, but not out of sight; otherwise he goes mad or they do—probably both. Blake wrote in much the same style as Nietzsche and with much the same drift; but this never provoked Gladstone, nor even Neville Chamberlain, to set himself alight in the cellars of 10 Downing Street. Everyone who has escaped from religious dogma must have been captivated by Nietzsche at some time or other; but most escape the thraldom and discover that it is individualism run mad. It is the philosophy of the *rentier* who imagines that he owes nothing to society, though society owes much to him. Perhaps this is only another way of saying that the job of court-jester is attractive only so long as there is a court to laugh at the jests. Anyone who sets out to be a hereüc had better postulate first a society tolerant yet respectable; in fact he had better be an Englishman. Then he will not need to end in a lunatic asylum; he will be in one already.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

MARE NOSTRUM

Changeable beast with rumpled fur of foam
She plunges along the land,
Held by a moonstring, yet by solid rock
Hardly contained.

She is nothing to look at—only clouds and light
Contrive her vanishing jewels,
Her melting zircon and her solid agate.
If you would see her nature, watch

Those palpitating globes within the pool
More transparent yet more firm than mist:
Her life is a bubble of nothing, cool
Nothing, and like the jellyfish persists.

This yielding overpowers. All in her likeness
Are flutes and whorls in shell and rock and sand,
The Conch full of her music,
The water-colours of Wentletrap and Fan.

And men who chose the shore, aeons ago,
Still spin their memories of her into glass,
Whose splinters worn by water seem to be
Solid green fragments of the sea.

But solid forms renounce her. As for men,
Though other vertebrates return,
Choice of dry land has lost her, let them swim
Each summer through her waves, they never find home.

The lost sea-nature. If her deeps are still,
She has given to men who yearn and may not return to them
Only the restless surface,
The quiet buried away,
The sunset shattered across the rocks in spray.

ANNE RIDLER

WHEN THE HEAD BETRAYS THE HEART

The Life of Joseph Chamberlain: Volume IV. By JULIAN AMERY. *Macmillan*. 30s.

It cannot have been easy for Mr. Julian Amery to take over the biography of Joseph Chamberlain, left uncompleted by Mr. J. L. Garvin. Three massive volumes had been published, which brought the record up to the Khaki Election. Mr. Amery, therefore, took up the story at the climax of his hero's career. In 1900, though Lord Salisbury lingered on as Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for the Colonies was the dominant figure in British political life. But the best was behind him; and from now on the faithful biographer must describe first the slow undermining of what seemed an impregnable position, and then sudden conflict, defeat and personal tragedy.

Mr. Amery has done extremely well. If, owing to the ever-expanding scale of Mr. Garvin's earlier volumes, the reader's attention sometimes flags, this is not his fault. If he indulges rather too often in the empurpled cliches of the old-fashioned leader-writer, this can be excused as a young author's *pietas*. What makes this very long volume readable is Mr. Amery's power to describe, with sympathetic detachment, the exact historical process by which the Radical tribune of the people finally cut himself off from the movement for social reform, which he had led as a young man. Mr. Amery, preferring history to party propaganda, destroys the myth that the Conservatives laid the foundations of the Welfare State. Indeed, he shows in great detail how Salisbury, Balfour and Hicks-Beach opposed every form of social change, and how, by making Chamberlain their prisoner, at the moment when he seemed to be the arbiter of politics, they precipitated the Liberal revolution of 1906. The 1902 Budget was the small beginning of the Tariff Reform crisis. The Boer War had been costly, and State expenditure was steadily increasing. Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor, in private memoranda to Chamberlain, urged a policy of retrenchment, and Chamberlain fought back. On this dispute Mr. Amery shrewdly observes:

> Neither Social Reform, nor Defence, nor any of the varied enterprises of a modern state in the new age that was dawning, could be financed without some transgression of the canons of liberal economics. The dilemma was plain enough to Hicks-Beach. It was equally plain to John Morley, when he said: "If you are going to be militant Imperialists, Free Trade goes." They would have made no provision for foreign danger or social change. But this could never be Chamberlain's view . . . But how was the money to be raised? There were two ways, as Hicks-Beach had pointed out: to increase direct taxation, or to impose revenue duties . . . One look at the Unionist benches in the House of Commons must have been enough to convince him that there would be no support from that quarter for any taxation which involved a redistribution of wealth.

Chamberlain's conversion to Tariff Reform was partly the result of his Imperial vision and his awareness of foreign capitalist competition. But it was also partly due to his recognition that Birmingham was not prepared to accept a higher rate of income tax. The obvious alternative was tariffs, "to be paid by the foreigner."

But what was the new Government expenditure which Chamberlain envisaged? Here Mr. Amery is not quite consistent. At one point he writes that Chamberlain "represented the rising spirit of State Socialism more than any other statesman of his day." But when he comes to discuss his outright rejection of the proposal for five-shilling old-age pensions at 60, he observes that Chamberlain had thereby "renounced the leadership of the great movement for Social Reform." The second view is surely correct. His head had always found it dangerously easy to subdue his heart; and he had been slowly petrified, by the polemics of Home Rule and the Boer War, into a stony spokesman of the business community—the very type of the capitalist that Marx described and against whose ruthlessness the young Disraeli revolted. If he was made the prisoner of Conservatism, it was after he had yoked old aristocracy and Young England to the chariot of finance and industry.

Chamberlain's Imperialism was strenuous, dynamic—and yet crassly materialist. I have searched the 533 pages of this volume to find one reference to the problems of the coloured peoples. There *is* one—in a speech at Mombasa on the settlement of Indians in what is now Kenya:

> There are many and enormous parts of Africa suitable only for Asiatics and they should be given these parts freely. The presence of such settlers here would soon have the desired effect on the Natives. I have been very much struck by the fine physique of the men, but there is a lamentable paucity in their clothing. One of the earliest effects of the presence of settlers amongst them would be to create a great demand for Manchester cottons, and that, in time, would lead also to a demand for Birmingham jewellery, to our mutual benefit (*laughter*).

This crude jest illustrates the change which had taken place since the young Chamberlain, Republican and Radical, rose to fame as mayor of Birmingham. By dismissing as sentimentalism the international ideals of Bright and Gladstone, he killed the feelings of compassion, which were always undeveloped in his character. It is interesting to speculate what would have happened if Chamberlain had remained a Radical. Would it have been possible to combine enlightened Imperialism with Social Reform and to begin, fifty years earlier, what we now describe as Fourth Point programmes? We shall never know. Chamberlain's defection split Empire and Social Reform, distorting the ideologies of both Left and Right. Imperialism degenerated into white exploitation and the wild scramble of the European Powers for markets and sources of raw materials. Social Reform discarded any deep sense of Imperial responsibility, and permitted anti-Imperialism to degenerate into Utopian pacifism. Men very rarely make history. But Joseph Chamberlain's political career did make it, with quite disastrous results.

There is one other lesson in this book for the practical politician. The issue which finally turned the Liberal Unionists into Unionists, and so created the modern Conservative Party, was Balfour's Education Bill. The chapter in which Mr. Amery deals with the politics of this measure is quite the best in the book. He is surely right to assert that, in the perspective of history, it was a milestone of social reform; without it, primary education could scarcely have been developed. Yet, because it empowered the central Government to assist Church schools, it enraged, revitalised, and reunited a decrepit Liberal Party. It is one of the ironies of history that the only courageous piece of social reform undertaken by Balfour paved the way for his defeat by the Liberals in 1906.

Chamberlain foresaw this only too clearly. Behind the scenes he tried to save his position by inserting a clause permitting local option; then this clause was defeated on a free vote, and he went into the lobbies with the Conservatives and against his non-conformist kith and kin.

> For Chamberlain this development was of the highest consequence. It meant that he no longer had an independent following in the country. Liberal Unionism was dead. There could be no reconciliation with the Liberals. For better or for worse, he was now a Conservative.

Mr. Amery tells us that by this time Chamberlain had lost all interest in educational reform. "His concern in the matter was purely tactical; he cared nothing for the issues at stake." This admission is all-important. Objectively, as we can now see, the Education Act was a vital piece of social reform. But Chamberlain did not support it on these grounds. He did the right thing for the wrong reason, consciously betraying the forces which raised him to power. In politics, the motives of an action are often at least as important as its consequences. There is nothing more masterful or more destructive than the renegade radical whose head provides him with a full-proof case for betraying his heart.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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FABER BOOKS

HELL

Memoirs of Hecate County. By Edmund Wilson. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Edmund Wilson is a great critic of literature, enlarging, scholarly and disturbing. He is an anatomist, but, unlike almost all others who have made a social and psychological approach to literature, he knows that works of art transcend explanation as the mysterious smile of the flesh transcends the skeleton. He is a civilised man and his criticism in books like *Axel's Castle*, *The Triple Thinkers* and *The Wound and the Bow* is of the kind that has been above all stimulating to imaginative writers. In going to two of the main roots of art in life, he was beginning where the artists themselves begin, however they may end; the very fact (as he himself has warned us) that the social or psychological critic cannot tell us how good or bad a work is, puts him in the position of the writer faced with his material. Very little criticism has done this, the most egoistic no more than the self-effacing; and Mr. Wilson has had his effect despite a phlegmatic and unexhilarating manner. He has gone to work with the misanthropy of an implacable lawyer who has brought his case to life, by bringing out more facts and constantly sharpening the dramatic perspective. If a Marxist drift could produce literature, he seemed on the point of being able to make it do so, and of giving us the example himself. In *Memoirs of Hecate County* he has made his attempt. It is sustained in brilliance, and if it is a failure, it is a failure of an absorbing, vital, fertilising kind, and I am glad that an English publisher has, at last, been found after many years to bring it out.

Memoirs of Hecate County is a group of narratives told by a self-punishing satirist of beliefs and manners. Written autobiographically they show the "I" unspared and unsparing, moving in the rich American suburbia of the last 30 years, collecting his anthropological specimens and analysing his own love affairs in a rank commercial society. The records—for that is what they are—include such things as a pure *New Yorker* story of a man whose rage led him to the manufacture of turtle soup, the twin portraits of a romantic, day-dreaming woman who is rich and a slum girl who has never had a day-dream in her life. There are records of drinking parties among business men, intellectuals real and fraudulent. There is a quietly savage report of a dazzling conversation with the devil who is defeated by the lack of morals in America and who now pins his hopes, it seems, on his wife, type of the hated American matron, who is running for senator. (How American women are hated!) One has the impression of being jostled and crowded out by a large number of real, compulsively busy people, swinging in and out of cars, going in and out of houses, ringing up, drinking too much, arguing, driven as if they had engines and emotionally stupefied by their own noise. They have the awkwardness of appearing to have only one foot in literature; they are too like what life looks like. They are observed objectively and even minutely, but they have not been assimilated. Still, if Mr. Wilson is the hostile doctor, his analysis of their condition is decisive; and the landscape in which they move—the suburban estate, the yachting harbour, the towny countryside—is wonderfully done. Indeed, I don't know when I have seen American landscape so exactly, movingly and sensuously placed before the eyes; or the emotions of nostalgia and remorse which it draws so deeply perceived. If the people of the *Memoirs* do not hold, these descriptions do and are remarkable, fragments though they are, in contemporary American writing.

Where is, then, the failure? It is easy to say this is a critic's book and that critics know everything except how to leave the ground and create a world; but the weakness goes deeper than that. Mr. Wilson has called his tales *Memoirs* and that permits him the flatness of record. He has really hit on an original method: drawing the profile of a place and a time, presenting the human documents in a case, a new *Spoon River Anthology* in prose. In the lagging but brilliant *The Princess With the Golden Hair*, he uses his notes and his diaries to create, not a work of art, but animated evidence. It is protest argued, with imagination missing. He drives off, but the types are flat. It is a defect of temperament and the clue to it, I think, can be found—for Mr. Wilson is above all a very honest and sensitive man—in some lines he has written in the satire called *Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn at Home*. The narrator is concerned about marrying his mistress: does he wish to marry her because the disastrous conscience of Romantic Love, the great American evil, has got in at the back door after having been driven out at the front? "As I approached the crisis ahead," Mr. Wilson writes, "I continually became more methodical, more deliberate, more even-tempered. I was managing thus to defer whatever I should have to feel when I had chosen one course or the other." There you have it: Mr. Wilson is methodical, deliberate, even-tempered to the point of disparagement in his portraits of people because he defers feeling in self-protection. His attitude is clinical and, in his descriptions of the sexual act, almost medical. He hates, as a satirist should and as a Marxist is born to do, but bleakly, according to the doctrine, and without passion. He lives in a nightmare which is real, but uncommunicable because his and our feelings are never touched off. Such a writer kills his characters before he creates them; and the one exception, the exquisite portrait of the Ukranian slum girl Anna, is the fruit of the one true feeling the self-protective have: pity. It costs them nothing. Possibly his loneliness accounts for the excellent rendering of landscape; but when, before people, the critic "approaches the crisis" of art, he calculates too long. He dreads the crisis, as the artist rushes to it by instinct. Perhaps that is how one should define a work of art: as a crisis taken at once.

To say this is not to forget the intellectual excitement of his patient and melancholic analyses of character. These have the suspense, the dryness, the logic of works of detection. The gradual piecing together of Imogen, the day-dreamer, with her fraudulent illness, her fashions in dress and interior decoration, is profoundly well thought out. Mr. Wilson has turned his kind of detection into a new kind of narrative argument and in each piece one has the pleasure of seeing a pattern ingeniously completed. Hecate County is a hell of dullness, selfishness, vulgarity, loneliness and sex without love, but Mr. Wilson has read the meanings the place lives to conceal. If he is dry, if the pain in his voice is monotonous, he has an alert anger and a hard, objective curiosity. He is as shrewd as the East Wind. The deliberateness of this raw and misanthropic book makes it long, where wit would have cut it, but makes it impressive too. V. S. Pritchett

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NATURE AND POETRY

James Thomson—Poet of The Seasons. By Douglas Grant. *Cresset Press.* 18*s.*

The life of James Thomson presents a peculiar difficulty to the biographer since, like Wordsworth, from the moment that he became more interesting as a poet he became less so as a man. The vital experience, the real climax, as it were, of his life, took place in those early years in Roxburghshire and the Cheviots; and the rest, including his poetry, was largely a gentle decline from that experience, even a running away from it. It is easy to say that Thomson was the most important of those who led the poets back to nature, and, in an obvious way, this is certainly true. But it is also true that he was one of those who led them away from it. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, did not write *about* nature; they wrote *from* it. Even if they lived in a town, they accepted the country as a living environment for man, and one to which he belonged as naturally as a bird or a tree. Now Thomson had known this same sense of belonging; had known, too, in a wilder district, how man's consciousness could merge into the world of beast and rock and weather, when

> . . . from the bellowing east,
> In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
> Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
> In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
> Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
> The billowy tempest whelms.

But among these Border dales he somehow learned to separate himself from the scene before him, to stand a little way off, to look at it and consider it as a picture. His poems sprang from a real knowledge and a deep love of the natural world, but they were shaped into a visual pattern derived from painting, especially from Claude Lorrain. Almost without knowing what he was doing, he moved over to the townsman's point of view, seeing the country as a spectacle, a prospect, which could be analysed and adjusted and given so many out of ten for composition. He became, in fact, the poet of the Picturesque, the poet of a conception of nature which still persists in this age of the country holiday and the National Park.

Thomson's retreat from his native environment was also a retreat from his native language, and Douglas Grant, who was for a time a lecturer at Edinburgh University, writes well of this problem. For when Thomson was a student in that city, Scots was no longer recognised as a medium for serious literature, so that he and his contemporaries had to learn English like a foreign language—or, to be more precise, like a classical language. Yet they thought and spoke in broad Scots, and it is tempting to compare and contrast them, modelling themselves on Milton, with the Lallans poets of to-day, many of whom speak "standard" English while modelling themselves on Gavin Douglas.

Thomson's life in literary London seems curiously out of tone with his poetry. His patrons, his sinecures, his dabblings in politics, his attempts at the drama—all these, to those who are interested primarily in *The Seasons*,

seem almost irrelevant and rather dull. And Professor Grant, in spite of care and scholarship, does not quite succeed in avoiding dullness in this part of his book. But there is one episode of great interest. At the age of about 42, Thomson fell in love with Elizabeth Young, and for several years he lived in a turbulence of hope and despair, until he finally acknowledged to himself that she would never accept him. Professor Grant gives us much new insight into this adventure and prints for the first time some correspondence which shows how completely Thomson had remained a man of intense feelings in spite of his adoption of the eighteenth-century principles of reason, moderation, and good taste. Such principles were strong enough to govern the ordinary emotions of everyday life, but they were quite inadequate against so unpredictable an outbreak of passion. Thomson, like Gray over the affair of young Bonstettin, was frightened, puzzled and ashamed at the violence of his own heart. It was as if the storm in one of his wintry scenes had blown out of the picture full into his face.

Yet for us to-day it is just these primitive forces of nature, lying beneath the half-conventional landscape, which give to his poetry its power to move and excite us. His work should be compared not so much with the painting of Claude and Salvator Rosa, as with the embellished gardens of Capability Brown. For both Brown and Thomson worked with living material—the one with trees and soil, the other with words. And just as Brown's clumps and screens, in the course of two centuries, have been absorbed into the English countryside, taking on a new wildness, so Thomson's formal compositions, his occasionally stiff and awkward locutions, have been absorbed into English literature, taking on a new naturalness. He was a minor poet of major importance, and both his achievement and his influence were greater than he himself could understand.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

APPLIED PSYCHOANALYSIS

Essays in Applied Psychoanalysis. Vol. I. Miscellaneous Essays. By ERNEST JONES. *Hogarth Press* and *Institute of Psycho-Analysis.* 21*s.*

The *doyen* of British psychoanalysts, Dr. Ernest Jones, has the advantage of most of his fellows in two respects—he thinks clearly and he writes well: whether we accept his arguments or dispute them there can seldom be much doubt what he is arguing. His essays, which are now being reissued in two volumes with a great deal of new matter, will be a welcome addition to a stock which, with the exception of Freud's own massive contribution, has never been very ample. They are properly called "Applied"—if we concede that, in at any rate one sense, there is such a thing as "Pure" Psychoanalysis—for their excellence lies not so much in any theoretical or doctrinal novelty as in the application of orthodox theory to a wide range of subjects. In Volume I Dr. Jones passes easily from the Inferiority Complex of the Welsh to the Psychology of Quislingism, taking Andrea del Sarto, Hamlet's Father, and Louis Bonaparte in his stride. Among the longer essays is his well-known paper, "The Problem of Paul Morphy," which besides being a very readable account of this intriguing genius, contains an exposé of the psychology of chess which is likely to be as inacceptable to chess players as the psychoanalytic treatment of Alice has been to Lewis Carroll fans. Morphy in a phenomenal six months of public play defeated every European or American champion who would meet him, and found no takers for his offer to play anyone in the world at odds. At the age of twenty he announced his retirement from chess, practised briefly and unsuccessfully as a lawyer, and retreated finally into a profound mental derangement of which there had already been some prodromal warning. If Dr. Jones's interpretation of these events is strained in places—particularly perhaps in the importance given to Staunton's refusal of Morphy's challenge—the essay remains a provocative example of the Freudian method.

Among the speculations of a lifetime it is not surprising to find occasionally passages where the outlook is plain old-fashioned. For example, the view that the neuroses are not to be regarded as disease recurs in two of the essays: neurotic suffering (p. 124) "is not due to disease in the ordinary sense of the word so much as to the adoption of a particular method of dealing with a social situation," and again (p. 140) ". . . neuroses are not at all diseases in the sense of being conditions produced by the action of pathogenic organisms on an otherwise "normal" organism . . . They . . . represent merely one of the various ways of reacting to situations that are in themselves normal, or, at all events, universal." The same attitude of mind is to be found in the *Doctor's Dilemma*:

> *Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington:* What is a disease? The lodgement in the system of a pathogenic germ . . . there must be a germ: else how could the patient be ill?
>
> *Sir Patrick Cullen:* Can you show me the germ of overwork?
>
> *B.B.:* No, but why? Why? Because my dear Sir Patrick, though the germ is there it's invisible.

Dr. Jones seems to have decided that the germ isn't there after all, so—*ipso facto*—there isn't a disease. But it is exactly this interplay between environmental and constitutional factors—between the germ and its host, the trauma and its victim—that gives rise in medicine to a science of aetiology. Whether we choose to consider the individual or his environment more important in any particular context, is largely a matter of which of them we can more easily control; it can and does vary from time to time.

To draw attention to a *lapsus linguae* by a psychoanalyst may be judged in bad taste. Just the same H. G. Wells's eldest son, and collaborator in the *Science of Life*, bears the initials G.P. and not F.L. The unjustified severity of the footnote, in which this error has apparently persisted for twenty years, ought perhaps now to be reconsidered.

A. D. HARRIS

NEW NOVELS

A Way Through the Wood. By NIGEL BALCHIN. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Objector. By JEB STUART. *John Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Nightrunners of Bengal. By JOHN MASTERS. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In an admirable address to the English Association, delivered four years ago, Mr. C. E. Lewis spoke of Kipling as "first and foremost the poet of work," the glorifier of the professional grind.

> It is (he wrote) really remarkable how poetry and fiction before his time had avoided the subject. They had dealt almost exclusively with men in their 'private hours'—their love affairs, crimes, sport, illness and changes of fortune. . . With a few exceptions (*Middlemarch* is perhaps the finest) imaginative literature in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had quietly omitted, or at least thrust into the background, the sort of thing which in fact occupies the waking hours of most men.

If Kipling was a pioneer in this line, Mr. Balchin has proved one of his most outstanding disciples. In at least three novels—*The Small Back Room*, *Brightness Falls from the Air* and *Mine Own Executioner*—he has concerned himself with the working world of the technocrat and the professional man and, in doing so, has added to the range of fictional experience. From this standpoint alone, *A Way Through the Wood* constitutes both a retrogression and a disappointment.

In fact, despite its readability and slick competence, there is a good deal that is disappointing about this novel. The banality of its plot, for example. Jim Manning, an average Balchin business man, has been married for eleven years to a pretty young woman named Jill. Bored with being a rich man's wife in the country, Jill finds

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herself attracted to her personable, bounderish neighbour, the Hon. William Bule (called "the Honbill" by Jim and Jill, just as Jill is "Hog" or "Awful" to her husband). Jim's wife is something of a latter-day Dora. Unconsciously resentful of Jim's priggishness and unyielding good sense, she becomes the Honbill's mistress. Driving back with him in his Lagonda one night she accidentally knocks down her charwoman's husband. The man dies in hospital and Jill and her lover decide to keep silent about the incident. Jim, who is a magistrate, suspects the Honbill and accuses him of having caused the man's death, only to learn that the killer was his wife and that she and Bule are in love.

This *dénouement* occurs less than halfway through the book. Up to this point Mr. Balchin's narrative, though hackneyed, has been as crisp and well contrived as a Somerset Maugham melodrama. From there on it begins to slide quickly downhill. The next 150 pages is an account of Jim's attempt to win Jill back. After two interludes in Paris and an incredible episode in Venice (here the author invents a John S. Blenkironish business man who works for the American secret service under cover of selling water-softeners), husband and wife are on the verge of a reconciliation. But at this point the Honbill is rushed to hospital with T.B. Jill once again deserts her husband and the book ends with the errant pair contemplating marriage in Switzerland while Jim sits at home indulging in one of those tough masochistic soliloquies of which Mr. Balchin is so fond:

> I see now that it is more difficult than that; that in the end there aren't any dividends; that the only reward for keeping faith is keeping faith; and if a man wants to be God, he had better remember that being God can be a very painful business. . . .

As a novel about adultery, this book must be rated a failure. Wife-stealing, like any other anti-social activity, is a moral subject and demands a moral treatment. Even the most intrepid rationalist cannot infringe the seventh commandment without raising a whole train of social and ethical complications. There is no need to measure *A Way Through the Wood* against the classics; one has only to compare it to Evelyn Waugh's *A Handful of Dust* to see that what is lacking is the author's awareness of what he is really writing about. His characters (if one can call such pasteboard figure-cutting characterisation) exist in a moral and social vacuum. The only thing that would give Jim any reality is his work—the one side of his life which is ignored. All that is left of Mr. Balchin's older and better manner is to be found in the dialogue—those knobbly conversation pieces which always manage to sound as though the speaker were prodding his interlocutor in the ribs with the stem of a rather heavy briar pipe.

> I patted her shoulder and said, "all right, you old ass. I know . . . But mark you, young woman, if we do this, there is a hell of a job of reconstruction to be done. Some mighty funny business must have been going on inside you for this to have happened; and if we're going to get anywhere there'll have to be a lot of plain speaking. See?"

Though a writer may have several different styles and be able to ring the changes on a great many subjects, no writer, not even Balzac, has more than two or three imaginative dynamics. Most have only the one—love, ambition, or money. Mr. Balchin's dynamic is elbow-grease and the sooner he realises that this is a necessary and not a shameful limitation, the better.

The Objector succeeds less as a novel than as a documentary about life in the American Army. It concerns a 19-year-old soldier in the second world war who, after registering as a C.O., gets accidentally drafted into an artillery unit. We follow him through the various stages of his army career—his transfer to a medical unit, his progress from latrine orderly to attendant in a hospital neurosis ward, finally, to the German bullet he stops while trying to rescue a wounded comrade. Mr. Stuart's writing is vivid and moving yet his book somehow fails of the direct impact made by, say, *The Naked and the Dead*. Like a shadow boxer, he is all spring and attack. He never pulls his punches yet somehow never succeeds in dealing a knock-out blow at the system his hero is bent on destroying.

This is partly the fault of the hero himself. Private Dan Heath is a typical American folk symbol, a mixture of visionariness and "normalcy." He is sincere and he evokes the reader's pity, yet between his Shelley-Blake aspirations and his author's anxiety that he should toe the Kinsey line, he only comes alive as a rather libidinous Creeping Jesus. One sees just why his superiors dislike him so much, though it is harder to understand why he is such a favourite with the other ranks. The significance of this book, for the non-American, lies in its psychological background. Whether Mr. Stuart's picture corresponds to reality I cannot say, but the army he describes, with its neuroses, needless cruelty and constant whistle-blowing, its carton-wrapper emotions, idealisation of "combat experience" and paternal anxiety that each and all of its members should get "properly laid" every Saturday night, is like nothing in the average English conscript's experience. The Aldershot glasshouse must be a rest cure and the most sadistic Guards C.S.M. a benevolent uncle in comparison.

I have left myself little space in which to do justice to *Nightrunners of Bengal*. I can only say that this is the best historical novel about the Indian Mutiny that I have ever read. Mr. Masters is a specialist who knows how to arrange his material. He has that intuitive sense of history that so many novelists of his type lack and yet, at his best, he can write as colloquially and vividly as Mr. Joyce Cary. Previous writers dealing with the events of 1857 have endorsed Kaye and Malleson's view of the Mutiny. Mr. Masters's approach is akin to the spirit of Edward Thompson's brilliant but forgotten pamphlet, *The Other Side of the Medal*. He depicts the strength and weakness of the British in India and the change that came over Anglo-Indian psychology as the men of the Pagoda Tree yielded to the Evangelical soldier-statesmen. "Captain Savage, the hand of the Almighty guided you," declares General Pierce after the hero's bravery during the Rani's tiger hunt. It is, as Lord Canning said of John Nicholson, as though Mohammed had been born in Clapham instead of Mecca.

JOHN RAYMOND

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PARSON

Country Neighbourhood. By R. W. KETTON-CREMER. *Faber*. 18*s*.

The 54 hitherto unpublished letters which form the basis of this book, are all that have chanced to survive out of what was evidently a vast correspondence. All are dated between 1729 and 1741, and all but one were written by the Rev. Patrick St. Clair to his friend and patron Ashe Windham, Mr. Ketton-Cremer's kinsman and predecessor at Felbrigg, near Cromer, his beautiful Norfolk home. In 1729 St. Clair, who lived to be a nonagenarian, was a widower, aged 70, living hospitably and contentedly at the Old Hall, Sustead, with an only daughter, aged 18. He had been educated in Holland, and had formerly conducted various well-endowed young gentlemen, including Windham, on the Grand Tour of Europe. A Scotsman by birth, before his marriage in 1709 he had lived at Felbrigg as one of the family, and he continued throughout his life to act as Windham's right-hand man. He was a pluralist in a mild way, and possessed ample means. But he was a sound priest, a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of the world. He was deeply versed in country life and lore.

Ashe Windham in 1729 was aged 57; he lived at Felbrigg, after having separated from his wife, with one son aged 12. He was a pleasant, friendly man, and a good landlord, active and influential in local affairs. The personalities and topics touched on in the letters St. Clair wrote him are mostly still extant in the life of the countryside. There is kindly and occasionally malicious gossip about neighbouring squires and parsons, and about subsidiary figures—apothecaries, farmers, gardeners, keepers, and indoor servants. The topics include politics and elections, local justice, parish matters, punctilio in questions of sport, highway robbery, smuggling, and national affairs mirrored in this quiet backwater. The dominant themes are St. Clair's love for his daughter, and loyalty to Windham's interests. A warm friendship of long standing united the two men, although there were occasional misunderstandings. The atmosphere is one of tolerance and easy intercourse in a neighbourhood which ran its affairs with good feeling and good sense.

Mr. Ketton-Cremer has been familiar all his life with the towns, villages, fields, and even some of the living trees that St. Clair knew and loved more than two centuries ago. But his natural partiality for these letters would not have sufficed to make a book possessing the charm of *Country Neighbourhood*. He has selected and edited his material with consummate skill so as to give an illusion of almost effortless ease. He says modestly that he has provided a certain amount of connecting narrative, comment and identification. But he has in fact used St. Clair's eyes and pen to produce an integrated work of art. It makes the same appeal as Parson Woodforde's diary, which lights up, for a period, another corner of Norfolk, a few miles away, a few decades later in the same century.

Mr. Ketton-Cremer disclaims any comparison with Woodforde, but his practised hand has infused such light and warmth into the letters that the result is equally pleasing and authentic. This picture of life in a Norfolk backwater during George II's reign can never stale. The letters cover the same period as those of Lord Hervey which were recently edited by Lord Ilchester, but the setting is the periphery and not the centre. It is on such background material that history should be based. Too many histories and biographies have been based on pictures of the countryside reflected in the distorting mirrors of eighteenth-century plays and novels. This authentic picture provides an effective and palatable antidote.

PHILIP MAGNUS

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphony. SIBELIUS: No. 1 E minor (Sym. Orch/Stokowski. DB 21264-7) I cannot recommend this set on any count. The tone in the tutti is cramped, the frequency ceiling is low, and the recording speed varies from side to side (as in other recent Stokowski issues). As if all this were not enough, the timbres of the instruments sound artificial—smarmy and over-coloured—like plastic masquerading as wood. The Minneapolis set (H.M.V.), though by no means a star, is more honourable than this.

Concertos. BARTOK: Violin Concerto (Rostal/LSO/Sargent. *LXT 2574). Though played with artistry, the solo violin has a sour tone and the balance is very poor—the orchestral part a mere adumbration of the score. The Menuhin set, if imperfectly recorded, gives a far more complete account of this impressive and complicated work. STRAUSS: Duet-Concertino, for clarinet and bassoon; HONEGGER: Concerto da camera, for flute and English Horn (Los Angeles Chamber Sym/Byrns. *CTL 7007). An attractive coupling. The Duet has not the inspired charm of the Oboe Concerto (also a work of the composer's last years), but it is scored with exquisite felicity and has many pages of piquant beauty. The Honegger Concerto is one of this uneven composer's most thoughtful and pleasing works. Performance and recording excellent. ALBINONI: Oboe Concerto (arr. Paumgartner) (Goossens / Philharmonia / Süsskind. DX 1753). A most agreeable piece, with more personality than might be expected in a very minor eighteenth-century composer. Performance and recording first rate. FRANCK: Symphonic Variations (Casadesus / Philharmonia / Weldon. LX 8800-1). A hard, loveless rendering by the pianist, backed up by indifferent conducting. The tone is never very good, but improves (as does the playing) in the final variation. There is at present no satisfactory version of this engaging work.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. BERLIOZ: *King Lear*—Overture (RPO/Beecham. DB 9614-5). It is hard to see how this music can have been inspired by Shakespeare's tragedy; none the less it is in Berlioz' best vein and returns (after a longish absence) to the general catalogue in a spick and span performance, beautifully recorded. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Capriccio Italien*, Op. 45 (Danish State Radio Orch/Malko. C 7846-7). This rather silly and blatant piece (Berlioz at his worst seems to be the model) is recommended by a very dramatic performance. Considering the murderous dynamics, the recording is surprisingly safe—better, indeed, than the recent Kletzki version. MENDELSSOHN: *Ruy Blas*—Overture (Sym. Orch/Süsskind. C 4095). A perfunctory rendering, harshly recorded. NSO/Unger disc (Decca) preferable, but not up to much. SPONTINI: *La Vestale*—Overture (LSO/Previtali. C 4084). Noble music, in a haughty and standoffish way; interestingly difficult to "place", but one might guess Mendelssohn. Performance careful and vigorous, recording alpha minus. DEBUSSY: *Nuages* (Philharmonia/Galliera. DX 1754). Well recorded, but the performance has not the mysterious atmosphere, nor the steady, processional tempo, of the NSO/Beer version (Decca) in the complete set of the Nocturnes. ELGAR: *The Wand of Youth*—Suite No. 2 (LPO/Van Beinum. AX 465-6). In some ways even more attractive than Suite No. 1, these picturesque movements are most affectionately played and the recording is of the highest standard. While on the subject of Elgar, I should like to correct what now seems to me an entirely unfair notice of the new *Falstaff* (in my last Notes). I must have been suffering from Critic's Ear when I first listened to it. I now see nothing wrong with the performance and very little with the recording, and herewith make restitution to the L.P.O. and the engineers.

Chamber Music and Piano. BEETHOVEN: String Quartet, D major Op. 18 No. 3 (Griller Qt. AX 439-11). Perhaps less stylish a performance than the Budapest Qt. version (HMV Special Order), but well studied and enjoying the advantages of the best modern recording. SIBELIUS: String Quartet, D minor (Griller Qt. *LXT 2575). A magnificent set. The Grillers take the first movement slower than the Budapest Qt. (in the Society volume III), evidently regarding it as a frontispiece to the other four movements: an interesting view and in the circumstances convincing. The playing throughout is very fine, and the engineers do it justice. RAVEL: Trio, A minor (Rubinstein/Heifetz/Piatigorsky. DB 9620-22). The gem-like glitter of this performance may not be to everyone's taste, but to my mind it suits the style of the work to admiration. The recording is light on bass and rather dry, but not disagreeable, and it is well balanced. Readers are advised to try the Trio di Trieste version (also H.M.V., but cheaper), before deciding. WALTON: String Quartet, A minor; VILLA-LOBOS: String Quartet No. 6, E major (Hollywood Qt. *CTL 7004). Dr. Walton's Quartet is not, I think, as successful as his Violin Sonata: the material is unimaginative and the composition somewhat laborious; but it is a muscular work and far from dull. It is evident that Villa-Lobos can manage any form with equal facility; his Sixth Quartet is beautifully written and though imponderably slight, full of agreeable, surprising things. The Hollywood Quartet are most efficient players and the recording, though a bit spiky, is on the whole very good. DEBUSSY: Images, sets 1 and 2 (Gieseking. LX 8797-9). Oh dear . . . I had hoped to be able to praise this issue unreservedly,—and indeed I have never heard Gieseking play with more delicacy or with more controlled brilliance. But it seems as if the engineers had let too much through: the loud passages distort—sometimes very badly and any *sforzando* produces a nasty buzz. Some machines may be able to deal with this—mine will not. The tone in *pp* is certainly most beautiful. As for the pieces themselves, they are Debussy at his most mannered, and though the impressionistic texture is always fascinating in itself, the material is thin. PROKOFIEV: Third Sonata, A minor, Op. 28 (Horsley. C 3941). Composed in 1917, and using notebook material of 1907, this is a brilliant and attractive concert piece. Colin Horsley plays it very well, but the recording is dry and unpleasant. VILLA-LOBOS: Piano Pieces (Ballon. X 512-4 & M 670-1). Though most effectively written for the piano, these characteristic pieces are lacking in anything that could be called inspiration. Ellen Ballon plays them brilliantly and with authority, and the recordings are quite good.

Vocal. VERDI: *Trovatore*, Act 2—"Condotta ell'era in ceppi"; "Stride la vampa" (Barbieri/Caruso. DB 21261). Both these excerpts have been admirably recorded by Ebe Stignani, though without the tenor part in "Condotta". The new recording has, however, great qualities. Fedora Barbieri sings with confidence and fine tone, she is ably supported by Mariano Caruso, and the balance is excellent. A most enjoyable record. VERDI: *Don Carlo*, Act 5—"Tu che la vanità" (Davis. X 469). Considered stylistically, Ellabelle Davis's rendering of this wonderful scena is all over the place; but the quality of her voice is strikingly beautiful and leads us to hope for great things from her in the future. At present, her record (the orchestral introduction is unnecessarily cut) yields place to that of Margherita Grandi (H.M.V.). LJUBA WELITSCH RECITAL: Eight arias by Tchaikovsky, Verdi, Lehar and Millöcker (*LXT 2567). Ljuba Welitsch gives a really grand account of two arias from *Pique Dame* and of two from *Ballo in Maschera*: I have seldom heard her in better voice. There is some distortion on the reverse, and the balance is never quite happy; but this is not a record to miss. (The *Pique Dame* arias are also available on one SP disc). BRAHMS: *Geistliches Wiegenlied*, Op. 91 No. 2 (Flagstad/Downes (viola)/Moore. DA 1933). One of the better examples of Mme Flagstad's Lieder style, and much better than *Gestillte Sehnsucht*, issued a short while ago. BORODIN: *Prince Igor*—Khan Kontchak's air (Christoff. DB 21262). Neither performance nor recording can hold a candle to Raphael Arié's admirable record (Decca) of this splendid scena. FOLK SONGS FROM CENTRAL EUROPE (Schwarzkopf. LB 112). Even those who possess Yvogün's entrancing old record of these folk songs will, I think, agree that Elisabeth Schwarzkopf does them most beautifully, with personality, humour, and lovely tone. Recording excellent. HARRY LAUDER (C4089-93). An issue which calls for little comment. Apart from the nostalgic pleasure these his most famous songs will bring to so many people the admirable quality of Sir Harry Lauder's singing strikes one again as it did during that memorable broadcast, some years ago.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,114

Set by Richard Lister

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,111

Set by Eric Hicks

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ing fictional detectives: Lord Peter Wimsey, Gervase Fen, M. Hanaud, Father Brown, M. Poirot, Ellery Queen, Supt. Wilson, or Sexton Blake. They may, of course, be accompanied by their "familiars."

Report by Eric Hicks

As I anticipated, Lord Peter Wimsey produced by far the largest number of entries. His addiction to Donne and his whimsical distaste for the Victorianism of the Holmes *ménage* were very aptly touched off by several competitors. Father Brown and M. Poirot each had their faithful followers, who lovingly dwelt on the quiddities of these individual characters. The solitary Gervase Fen, suitably self-confident, wins a prize, but I was disappointed that no one essayed Ellery Queen, Supt. Wilson, or M. Hanaud. In my view there is little to choose between the five printed below, and I recommend that the six guineas should be divided between them. Runners-up—A. M. Sayers, Miss Olga Guedaterian, A. P. Rhys, Martin Jordan, Derek Barnard, and Edward Blishen.

LORD PETER WIMSEY

"Quaint and a little depressing, Bunter. Like looking at a rally of early motor cars."

"Precisely, my lord. Mr. Holmes's equipment must have come out of the property box."

"You know, Bunter, I think we've all, to put it vulgarly, been had. I simply can't imagine anyone solving real problems with nothing but a cheap magnifying glass, a pipeful of shag, a snifter of cocaine and a talent for guessing."

"Almost incredible, sir."

"Quite, Bunter, quite. *Nil nisi bonum* and all that, but really, this is not so much an exhibition as a gross case of exhibitionism. Holmes, with his deer-stalker hat, his Inverness cape and his violin, was nothing but a stuffed shirt. You know, I can't believe he knew a quaver from a bull's foot. And look at his books! No ballistics, no fingerprinting, no toxicology!"

"Not even Donne, my lord."

ALLAN M. LAING

"My dear old boy," began Wimsey, but Parker had disappeared.

Lord Peter went on unabashed, "Just shows what effect a place like this has on one. If I stay here long I shall go home and analyse tobacco ash. But Bunter would never leave any for me to analyse."

"As for that pipe—" he shuddered, then smiled happily. "But Bunter would remove that before I had even tried it."

Lord Peter meditated again, "Of course, Holmes was marvellous. I couldn't hope to equal him. I should never be able to state that the murderer limped, had red hair and carried a pawn-ticket in his watch pocket. Did they have watch pockets then?"

He sighed. "I should have had to play the violin and wear that dressing-gown. Impossible! Bunter would have given notice." C. M. WALKERDINE

FATHER BROWN

The little priest blinked absently at his huge companion.

"Apart," he said, abstractedly bending his umbrella into a horse-shoe "Apart from the fact that you are a Frenchman, known—unfavourably—to the police and that you have recently been to Lourdes—I know nothing about you."

"*Ventre-bleu*, Father," said the giant. "You know everything else—all the more important things."

"But not from the shape of your boots," said the priest: "Dear me—this Science of Deduction—the Devil taught it to the first Atheist. It begins and ends in the dust. It solves nothing. Holmes used it merely for Watson's benefit. It gave that shallow materialist the only explanations he understood."

"*You* preferred intuition," said Flambeau.

"I preferred common sense," was the mild reply. "I looked at the man, not the cigar-ash. So did Holmes really. It is the best way. But the Watsons of this world never see it." H. J. R.

GERVASE FEN

"He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes your cash; but where's the book?"
quoted Fen, so forcibly that a retired confidence man at the bar took his glass of beer the wrong way and choked dismally.

"Churchill," said Sir Richard Freeman automatically. "I say, Gervase . . ."

"Of course an exhibition of *my* successes would really GO." Fen assumed a more complacent air. "A moving model toyshop: Lily Christine III: the non-doing pig, stuffed: the ring with chrysotoxum bicinctum . . ."

"I say, Gervase, about the Hound of the Baskervilles. There seems to be a link between it and that bear in Shakespeare. You know, 'Exit, pursued by a bear' . . ."

"Don't drivel, Dick!" snapped Fen. "Keep your mind on essentials. Now about this exhibition of mine. You . . ."

"Could sell photographs of Crispin at the door, I suppose." Freeman's sarcasm was wasted.

"A splendid idea! Oh my fur and whiskers, I'll ring up Barry now!" GRANVILLE GARLEY

M. POIROT

Hercule Poirot tapped a tiny cigarette thoughtfully and then put it away.

"*Défense de fumer*," he murmured.

There was something different. The room itself was arranged as he had left it before lunch. The pipes, the hunting crops; the bust and the furniture. A little overcrowded for his taste, but comfortable.

"English," he thought, "Tea and toast."

He had noticed the young woman. She seemed a trifle *distrait*. She made as if to speak and, in confusion, dropped her handbag.

M. Poirot gallantly retrieved a powder compact; a latchkey; a box of matches and a return ticket to Tooting Bec.

These told him enough. She was beautiful and in trouble—and she had not come by hansom.

"It would be unethical to presume, but mademoiselle is in difficulty."

The reply shook his usual calm.

"Not really. Came in by mistake. Thought this was the building society." LAKON

CHESS: Row in Elysium

No. 91

In a dream, the other night, I found myself in that corner of the Elysian Fields reserved for chess players. It is very quiet there as a rule, trumpets are taboo, and the angels are requested to flap their wings and twang their harps ever so gently. Yet, as I was sitting on my cloud next to Nimzovitch's I heard him bandy words with Dr. Tarrasch who sat opposite on one of the quadrangular clouds reserved for grandmasters. What was the row about? Why, of course, the Tarrasch Defence in the Queen's Gambit. "Black's isolated QP means a static weakness!" shrieked Nimzovitch. "No," roared Dr. Tarrasch, "it means dynamic strength!" "*Herr Doktor*," I asked diffidently, "would you care to see a game confirming your theory? It was played a few years after your demise by a young man called Nagy." The name provoked cheers from Maroczy, Charousek and others on the Hungarian clouds. Tarrasch gravely nodded assent, and Nimzovitch growled while I beckoned to an angel who sang out the score melodiously, his harp neatly emphasising exclamation and question marks.

(1) P-Q4	P-Q4	(9) PxQBP	P-Q5
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(10) Kt-QR4	B-KB4
(3) Kt-QB3	P-QB4	(11) B-Q2	B-K5!
(4) PxQP	KPxP	(12) Kt-R4	BxB
(5) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(13) KtxB	Kt-K5
(6) P-KKt3	Kt-KB3	(14) Q-B2?	P-Q6!!
(7) B-Kt2	B-K2	(15) PxP	Kt-Q5
(8) O-O	O-O	(16) resigns	

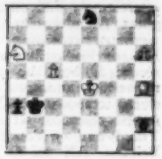
Having listened in heavenly silence the celestial audience now resumed fierce arguments. Words, such as "pawn-skeleton" and "advance post" were shouted from one cloud to another, while Philidor, Anderssen and Morphy loudly proclaimed that what mattered was quick development of the pieces. "Speaking of development."—began an old man humbly rising on a backward cloud; "and who may you be, if you please?" interrupted Staunton sternly. "I was a waiter at the Café de la Régence," said the old man, "I don't know much about Chess, but I have seen a lot of it, and I want to show you some really good development of a single piece." As he beckoned to an angel to project the diagram on the sky-board the old waiter mumbled on. "Nearly dropped my tray when I saw Lazard bring this off. Winning a game in four moves! And with Black too!" It did not take the celestial experts long to realise that what had happened was (1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-Q2, P-K4; (3) PxP, Kt-Kt5; (4) P-KR3, Kt-K6.

A: Bockdrukker

In this week's competition **A** is a real game position in which White forced his opponent's resignation in a couple of moves. This may well be over-rated with 5 ladder-points. As for **B**—White to mate in 6—this problem was composed in Persia centuries before they ever thought of Oil being still more problematic than Chess. Very pretty, though not worth more than 5 points either. But Villeneuf's ingenious study—White to win—may well be under-rated with 7 points.

B: Persian Problem

C: Comte de Villeneuf



Usual prizes. Entries by July 9.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 9

A: (1) R-B5 ch, K-Kt2, (2) K-R3, P queens, (3) R-Kt5 ch. If (1) . . . K-K2, (2) R-K5 ch, any, (3) R-K1, B x R, (4) K-R3.
B: (1) B-Q5, R-K6 ch, (2) K-Kt1, R-K6, (3) P-Kt7, R-K1, (4) B-K6 ch, K-B5, (5) B-B8, R-K6, (6) B-K6, R-K4, (7) B-Q7, R-K6, (8) B x P.

Dozens of competitors dropped a point or two by failing to note all the subtleties of **B** which is by no means quite as easy as it looks. Prizes shared by H. Ainsworth, R. Chandra, P. B. Sarson, H. Zygalski. Equally flawless solutions came from such veteran winners as R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft. ASSTAC

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HOLIDAYS that are Different—"Far from the madding crowd" at Felpham, a charming village on the Sussex Coast. Lovely Guest House, in half acre beautiful gardens, catering for Members Professions, Business Executives and Administrative Sections. From 7gns. Write "Kenwood," Middway, Felpham 7, Sussex. Bognor Regis 2163.

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BATTLE, Sussex. The George Hotel, in this old-world town, offers comfort and good cuisine. Short bus ride Hastings and Bexhill.

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17TH Century Farmhouse in beautiful wooded valley, 5 miles Watergate Bay, 6 miles Newquay. Excellent food. Cream, poultry daily. Vacancies July & September. Dinner, bed & breakfast. 4½-6gns. Tregouse Farm, Ste. Columb, Cornwall. Tel. 144.

MRS. Hine welcomes guests to her bungalow who appreciate well-balanced vegetarian food reform meals. Fifteen minutes walk from sea. Lovely country walks near by. Good bus/train serv. to S. Coast resorts from Brighton to Southsea. "Shiloh" Inlands Rd., Nutbourne, Chichester, Sussex.

THOSE needing physical or mental recuperation will find peace, comfort and beauty in a Cornish Country House, facing South overlooking sea, secluded lawns and gardens. Excellent library. Home farm produce. Trains can be met at Plymouth. Box 4014.

NATURIST Sun-bathing holidays. In sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils., and mod. cons., nudist sun and air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure: Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Bratworthy, Devon. Sunbathers' magazine listing 55 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 3d. post free.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

QUIET country holiday 1½ mls. sea. Good food. 4gns. weekly. Personal attention. "The Crown Inn," Westerton, Suffolk.

17TH Century Farmhouse in beautiful wooded valley, 5 miles Watergate Bay, 6 miles Newquay. Excellent food. Cream, poultry daily. Vacancies July & September. Dinner, bed & breakfast. 4½-6gns. Tregouse Farm, Ste. Columb, Cornwall. Tel. 144.

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NATURIST Sun-bathing holidays. In sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils., and mod. cons., nudist sun and air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure: Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Bratworthy, Devon. Sunbathers' magazine listing 55 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 3d. post free.

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CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Square, W.2. 'Phone BAY 4886. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

HOMESEEKERS should read "The Homefinder," the biggest and best Property Magazine. Over 1,000 houses advertised in every issue. 9d. monthly from Newsagents, by post 1s. or 11s. 6d. a year. Homefinders, Ltd. (N.S.), 42 Wool Exchange, E.C.2.

FOR one lady. Well-furn. one-room flatlet in private maisonette (3rd floor), near Westbourne Grove. Sink, geyser and facils. for light cooking. Permanency £2. Box 4121.

FURN s.c. flat, Bloomsbury, to let mid-July to end September. Sleep 2 or 3. Ch.w., refrigerator, telephone. Box 4079.

S.C. unfurn. top flat, W.C.2, 3 rms., bath, kit., const. hot water. 6/12 mths. first instance. Apply Dr. C. D. Heath, Queen Mary Hospital, Hong Kong. (Air Mail).

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BED-sitting room to let, gas ring, gas fire, no service. Use of bathroom. Nr. Kew Bridge. CHI. 4166.

LADY 40 years old, out all day, offers young cultured lady share of congenial central-heated flat (2 rooms) in centrally situated distr. Mod. fee. Box 4355.

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FURN. single bed-sit. rm. mod. flat Putney. Share kit. & bathrm. Box 4198.

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BED-sit. room and breakfast, 36s. Wimbledon near station. Box 3654.

TO let, furn. bed-sit.-room & kitchenette, lovely view, Enfield. Box 4345.

FLAT to let, unfurnished, self-contained, six rooms and kitchen, bathroom, garage, small garden. Close to Walton Heath Golf Club, Tadworth, Surrey. £350 p.a. inclusive. Box 4354.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

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UNF. s.c. flat, Golder's Green, 4 rms., k. & b. offered in exch. for smaller, half-house, unf. rms. Suggestions? SPE. 7307 after 7 p.m.

RADIO Actress and writer husband urgently need unfurn. flat London, or country accom. easy reach London. Diana Maddox, c/o B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1.

POSITION urgent. Young couple, radical-socialists, need flatlet or couple rooms in or near London. Pay 3-4gns. Write Box 3758.

WANTED by single man (37), furn. bedsit. room with use of kitchen, bath, etc., at moderate rent. Near Central London or West End. Advertiser would help in garden & house maintenance. Box 4172.

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LADY req. part-furn. divan rm. with cooking facils. Swiss Cottage. Box 3718.

FOR R.A.M. Student (19) large bed-sitting room with board where can use own grand piano within reasonable limits. Tel.: Ravensbourne 0966 or write 8 Warren Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Ritchie Professor of Research in Economics. Salary £A1,952 per annum (including £A102 cost of living allowance) subject to superannuation contributions. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 7, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. The University invites applications for appointment at: Reader in German. Salary Range: £A1,250—£A1,450 with superannuation benefits similar to F.S.S.U. Duties: The Reader will be in charge of the Department of German Language and Literature and will be expected to develop an Honours School. Detailed terms of appointment and a statement about the work and desired development of the Department may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications in duplicate should reach the Registrar, The University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than July 31, 1951. V. A. Edgeloe, Acting Registrar.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry (University of London). Lecturer wanted in psychological statistics. Should have good background in mathematics and knowledge of application of statistical procedure to psychological material. Salary scale £600 × £50—£1,150; with a merit bar at £850. The appointment is for 5 years in the first instance. Eligibility for Family Allowance and F.S.S.U. superannuation. Applic. forms, to be returned within 10 days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Lectureship in Industrial Relations. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Industrial Relations. The appointment will be in Grade II (£600—£1,150) and tenable in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Experience of research and a knowledge of industrial psychology, economics and sociology is required. Applications (6 copies), accompanied by the names of at least three referees, should be sent by July 7, 1951, to the undersigned from whom further particulars may be obtained. G. L. Barnes, Deputy Secretary, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Industrial History, tenable from October 1, 1951. Salary scale £850—£1,000 with superannuation benefits and family allowances. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications, with the names of not more than three referees, should be received not later than July 10, 1951, by the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant Head of Northern Ireland Programmes at Belfast. Main duties lie in assisting the Head of Programmes to organise and plan the Northern Ireland Home Service and contributions to Light and Third Programmes and Overseas Services. Preparation and supervision of religious broadcasts in Northern Ireland is an important activity. Duties include staff supervision and a concern for broadcasting standards. Desirable qualifications include a wide knowledge of Northern Ireland and of activities there in music, drama, literature and public affairs, as well as familiarity with the technique of radio production. Salary £1,115 with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,495. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Asst. Listener Ex. mtch, N. Ire. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Assistant-in-Charge of a section planning and reporting on radio listening investigations among Dominion and Colonial overseas audiences. Work involves the use of postal questionnaires, the keeping of statistics of short wave programmes rebroadcast by stations and the collection of information from correspondence and other sources. Candidates should have knowledge of the technique of assessing public opinion and of the British Commonwealth. Salary £745 (possibly higher if exceptionally well qualified) with 5 annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Asst. Listener R. mtch, N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

WESTERN Regional Association for the Blind. Assistant Secretary. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary. Candidates must have had experience in work for the Welfare of the Blind, preferably hold a Certificate of the College of Teachers of the Blind and be able to drive a car. Salary £500 per annum, rising by yearly increments to £545, or according to qualifications. Applications (marked Assistant Secretary), stating age, education and qualifications, together with 3 recent testimonials, should be forwarded not later than July 7 to the Secretary, 4 Powderham Rd., Newton Abbot, Devon.

WOMAN Industrial Psychologist often away from home requires someone to take entire charge of household. Husband out all day. Two small girls day school, boy boarding school. Resident cook-general and daily help employed. Interesting post. Apply Mrs. J. H. Pirie, Elmhurst, Biddulph, Staffs.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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GIRTON College, Cambridge. Applications are invited for the office of Steward (woman) to take charge of the College kitchens and household. Preference will be given to a graduate. The stipend will be £500-£700 according to qualifics. and exp., with free residence and the usual pension arrangements. Further particulars may be obtained from the College Secretary, to whom applics. should be sent not later than July 16.

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UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for a post of Secretarial Assistant in the Library. Preference will be given to graduates with secretarial training. Initial salary within the range £300-£400 a year. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by July 14.

HAMPSHIRE County Council. Applications are invited from women for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist. The duties will consist of advisory work in the schools and clinical work in the Child Guidance Service. Candidates must hold a degree in Psychology. Teaching experience is essential and clinical experience desirable. Consideration is being given to the alteration of the present salary scale of £495 x £30—£560. An officer using his own car when travelling on County Council duties will receive travelling allowance on the County Scale for the time being in force. Forms of application with further particulars of the appointment can be obtained from the County Education Officer, The Castle, Winchester, to whom they should be returned not later than July 6, 1951. G. A. Wheatley, Clerk of the County Council. The Castle, Winchester.

KENT County Council Children's Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of Woman Welfare Officer within the salary scale £440 by increments of £15 to £485 a year who will undertake relief work as Matron or Deputy Matron in Children's Homes and Residential Nurseries and at other times general welfare and escort duties. A deduction of 3s. a day will be made from salary when resident. Application forms from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope: to be returned by July 16, 1951. Quote Advertisement 132. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

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HOLIDAY Locum Almoner reqd. for the month of Sept. Apply: Secretary, London Jewish Hospital, Stepney Green, E.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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QUALIFIED accountant requires part-time employment to help during first years of practice. Box 4081.

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FORMER C.O., 34, sks. change, worthwhile job. Sch. Cert. Retail sales/clerical exp. Drive car. Wd. train if nec. Box 3879.

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BOOKS. Selected Fiction, Detection and General Literature. Good titles only. Send card for free lists. J. Scudamore, 44 Marryat Road, Wimbledon Common, London, S.W.19.

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WHEN you are in London please come and see our selection of Books, Maps and Guides. You will find us, as usual, not far from the Victoria & Albert Museum, and we are near the Brompton Rd. Temple Fortune Bookshop, Ltd., 5 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., S.W.1. Phone VICtoria 9827.

CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57 Kensington Church St., W.8. New and secondhand books. Also full stock Everymans, Penguins and similar editions. Open all day Saturday. (WES. 4014.)

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

PERSONAL

HALLIDAY Hall for conferences, parties, overseas visitors. 20 mins. central London. 3 common rooms, conference hall, garden. Accommodates 110 in double and single rooms; private bathrooms and telephones. 15s. bed and breakfast; 18s. dinner, bed and breakfast. Enquiries to the Warden, Halliday Hall, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4.

HOTEL has vacancy for boy, about 16, as trainee. Box 4214.

STUDENT, French (21), seeks board-lodging exchange work after 5 p.m. from September 1. Edith Roos, 35 Tite St., S.W.3.

WANTED, 1/2 co-passengers, knowledge cars, share cheap Continental tour Sports Alvis; start mid/end July or beginning Sept. Box 3841.

YOUNG Austrian girl seeks 3 months' hospitality from July onwards in return for light household duties. Box 3802.

ATTRACTIVE home offered part-time foreign student/elderly lady, few hours' help evenings. Dr. Porteous, 40 Parkway, Gidea Park.

COUPLE with boy, 18 months, living in cottage with garden, beautiful countryside, 40 miles London, would like to look after another child 21 years onwards, any nationality—21gns. wk. Eyles, Hillside, Hawkspur Green, Little Bardfield, nr. Braintree.

HON. Auditor or Accountant. Appointment may be helpful to beginner. Very little work. Apply Hon. Sec., St. Francis Fruitarian Hospital, Doddington, Kent.

CARAVAN site wanted for quality 22' proprietary living van. Near to S.W. London. Have you a small corner to help us homeless Left-Wingers. Warbey—PUTney 8542. (Not Sat./Sun.)

UNDERGRAD., 22, sks. job home/abroad; avail. July/Sept. inc. Box 3734.

HERTFORDSHIRE country house (sleeps 8), to let school summer holiday period. 30 mins. London. Easy reach Windsor River, Whipsnade, etc. Box 3691.

LIGHTWEIGHT Caravan (1950) to let. Touring/choice of site. Box 3857.

FOUR-berth luxury caravan, private grounds overlooking Thames Valley, 1 hour Oxford, London. "Ra," Blind Lane, Bourne End, Bucks. Phone 489.

EXETER District; woman graduate requires quiet flat, part house, or other permanent accom. of any kind. Box 4141.

YOUNG French girl, 25, good education, seeks post in order to learn English. Box 2799.

CANNES. Superb dble. rms.: Hs.-21s. dly. Priv. house 3 mins. beach. Box 3717.

LAKE Geneva: Flat (acc. 5) Thonon (Fr.) Sept. £5 p.w. Box 4119.

TO let: Fully equipped 2-3 berth caravan. Particulars. Box 4100.

SOCKS, Underwear, Shirts, repaired by post. CHI. 0765. Write OSEV, Chiswick.

FRENCHMAN with car would like to share bathing and motoring holiday on Riviera 1st fortnight August with young progressive Englishman. Travel exps. paid. Box 4048.

WOMAN graduate wishes Summer vac. job on continent. Pay sufficient to cover expenses, but accent on travel. Good miser. Own car. Any job considered. Box 4039.

YOUNG man reqs. holiday post, August and September or part. Suggestions welcomed. Box 3997.

TUITION. Lit. Editor recommends brilliant lady teacher Italian, French, German, English for foreigners. Highest refs. Box 3992.

AMATEUR Little Theatre has vacancies experienced actors interested intelligent theatre. The Questors Theatre, Mattock Lane, W.5. EAL. 5184.

BRUSH up your French; beginners & advanced, by French lady. Box 3983.

TEACHER (lady) reliable, domesticated, fond of children, requires holiday post August. Box 3955.

I-GING explanation wanted: private lesson. Box 3934.

DEVON. Farm/seaside beauty spot with all facilities. 4-berth luxury caravans. Write 45 Rivermead Rd., Exeter.

SEASIDE weekend—or longer. Simple independent accom. Easy reach Mudiford beach. Private car park. Mod. terms. Sec., 61 Somerford Road, Christchurch, Hants.

WOULD exchange temporarily cottage or/and 4-rmd. flat, St. John's Wood for well-appointed country cottage. Box 4197.

SOMERSET East. Civilised all-elec. farm cottage, sleep 5, service avail., free most of summer. 4½-6gns. wk. according to circumstances. Box 4037.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, meetings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 5678.

EXCHANGE wanted. Finnish engineer's family wishes to place 15-year-old son in English family with son of same age in the country for July and August. In return English boy invited to Finland for Olympic Games in summer 1952. Replies and further information: Mr. Erik Sundqvist, Arkadiagatan 33, Helsingfors, Finland.

PERSONAL—continued

OXFORD grad., w., exp. sec. seeks evg. or wk.-end work. Literary pref., typing or simply baby-sitting. London-Kingston area. Suggestions welc. Box 4177.

STUDENT male, 19, intelligent, responsible, requires work July 27-August 27. Anything considered. Box 3829.

LADY offers services daily. Shopping, care of children, light domestic duties, plain cooking. West End. 250 Russell Court, Woburn Place, W.C.1.

REVIEWING naturally preferred, but desk-y-work at home (e.g. envelope-addressing) badly needed by disabled woman (Oxford, ex-author). Box 4165.

MIDDLE-aged woman seeks interesting part-time work preferably N. London. Experienced, qualified social worker. French, German. Own typewriter. Box 4142.

CITY firm E.C.3 distr. have facilities 'phones, staffs, etc., available. Can handle London agency for reputable firm. Any other sound suggestion considered. Box 3873.

DESIGNER requires small apartment or large attic room, etc., in London area, for use as studio. Would redecorate if necessary and would consider sharing. Good references expected and given. Apply stating terms to Box 3719.

HOW to build more Houses. Read "Housing," by Ernest Marples, M.P. Post free 7d. from C.P.C. Bookshop, 6 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. Tel. WHI. 4011.

TWO French girls, aged 16 & 17, desire spend 2/3 months summer "au pair" with English families to look after children. One would pay board in exchange conversation. Write Mme. Bocard, 87 Bard. S. Michel, Paris.

SOLITARY? Tired of hotels? Editor (55) would share Kensington house, housekeeper with two/three congenial business/professional people. Car kept. Detail interests initial letter. Box 4243.

WILL Jewish readers help to support the Jewish Homes for the Blind in London, Dorking and Margate? Please send your donation to: Treasurer, Jewish Blind Society, Room No. 31, 1 Craven Hill, London, W.2. Regd. in accordance with National Assistance Act, 1948, and with Jewish Board of Deputies.

PARIS. Furn. rm. & kit., July 15-Sept. 15. £2 p.w. Write Cornet, 11 Passage des Soupirs, Paris, XX^e, before July 5.

ITALIAN family in Florence will give accommodation to English student for 3 months in exchange for their son's accommodation in England. Apply Box 4350.

RETURN to Dunkirk, August 15 to Sept. 15. Volunteers—students and librarians—required to do rehabilitation work in Dunkirk's Municipal Library. Cost for month: £17. Reps. to Mme. Daniel Normen Student Assocn., 25 Charles St., London, W.1.

LIKE the N.S. & N.? I have hitherto retained pre-war prices, but increased cost of paper, etc., affects me, too, and as from June 1, my prices were advanced by 25%, making the new minimum portrait charge (inclusive of prints) £5gns. Anthony Panting, Photographer, 5 Paddington St., W.1.

STAMMERING thoroughly cured. Send for "The Truth about Stammering" to E. E. Backer, 41 Ebley Rd., Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, 20, who cured himself.

ETHICAL Guidance—analytical discussion of personal problems in ethics—problems as to science and as to nature of particular duties. Box 4262.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley. 1-4 wk. Pottery, Alabaster & Wood Sculpting and Weaving courses up to July 21.

PARENTS who would be interested in our residential week-end classes (see these columns weekly) if creche were provided for children up to 7 years, are invited to write to Secretary, Brainers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

TRAVEL Abroad by Popularis for warmth & sunshine. Greatly reduced prices for Switzerland, South of France and Paris. Independent travel or conducted tours. By air or rail. Popularis Tours of Berne. London office (Dept. N.S.N.2), 6 Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel. Reg. 1352/3.

THE Three Best Coach Tours of the Year! Still time to book. All Spain 21 days 75gns.; a conducted tour, luxury coaches, first-class hotels and meals, sightseeing, shows, bull fights, etc., included. Or—Spain and Portugal 20 days 75gns; or—all Italy 18 days 75gns. Several good seats vacant for dates in July, August and September. Also many other good inexpensive tours in Europe. Illustrated brochures free: Bridge Travel Company, Ltd. (N.S.), 59 Crawford St., W.1. (Amb. 4434/5.)

"INTIMACY." Jean-Paul Sartre's daring best seller. "Leaves 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' asleep at the post."—"Punch." 5th impression now ready. Of all booksellers or 11s. post free. Peter Nevill, 50-52, Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 4s. 6d., Pleersun Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

AT this late hour I can still arrange a simple inexpensive Tyrolean holiday for you starting July 21 or August. 15 days £25. Dr. Beer, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

PERSONAL—continued

DO You Write? Then apply to-day for Free Lesson and Plot Guide which will show you how to achieve success, also your copy of "Authorship" giving details of famous Courses by Beverley Nichols, Enid Blyton, John Brophy, etc. Your MS. criticised without fee or obligation. School of Authorship, Ltd. (JP88), 8 Duke St., London, W.1.

BAVARIA is an ideal country for a walking holiday. We have arranged some 14-day holidays staying at Langenwang in the Allgauer Alps and Garmisch-Partenkirchen—a week at each. This tour, costing only £34 15s., is one of many in our current programme. Details from Ramblers' Association, 48 (V) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1. AMB 2495.

HOLIDAY in lovely Pembrokeshire. Yacht moored in quiet, pretty river; three minutes buses and shops. S.C. furnished flat, sleeps four, dining-room and kitchen, w/Calor gas. Ideal family or sharing. Write Marshall, The Quay, Haverfordwest.

SEE Spain. Mr. Newman, the manager of See Spain, Ltd., has recently returned from a tour of Spain and is happy to announce that he has secured additional good accommodation for British holidaymakers. We are now able to offer 15-day holidays in Palma de Mallorca and Costa Brava from £30 (fully inclusive). There are also a few vacancies for Luxury Coach Tours departing London on Sept. 9 and Oct. 7, and visiting Irun, San Sebastian, Burgos, Madrid, Escurial, Granada, Malaga, Seville, Cordoba, etc. Inclusive price London back to London 46gns. Full details from Dept. N.S., See Spain, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

CORSICA. The Anglo-French Camp de l'Horizon on Calvi Bay is now open. Return air trip (London/Calvi direct) and complete fortnight of sunshine, good food, perfect freedom, for £35 10s. Few vacancies remain for July, end of August, September. Apply at once to Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. City 7165/4.

WE are known for our seaside house-parties for boys and girls, 8-15—this year at Felixstowe. Spacious college adjoining beach. Brochure: Junior Holidays (NS), 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN 2959.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anmerwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

CAPRI holiday. Join my small party visiting also Paris, Rome, Naples, Amalfi, Sorrento, Pompeii. 17 days incl. 49gns. Full details: Mr. John Lamming, Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1. Chn 6436/7.

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under Corsica's azure-blue pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air from London, including 2 nights in Paris, £39 (or overland, £30). Vacancies still available for September. Also individual holidays arranged. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsica Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 13.

HOUSE party Devon. August. Vacancies for young people. Box 3697.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kellerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

FRENCH Riviera Air Holidays. 9 days 31gns. all in, 15 days 35gns. Continental Transport Co., 357 Strand, London, W.C.2. TEM. 9176.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co. Ltd., 6 Chancery St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £50.

ZEST for work & pleasure! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime in a delightful bijou Guest House will restore mental and physical poise and vigour to the tired personality. Brochure: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. Hastings 2832.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

FAMILY holidays are no longer a problem if you join our family house party at Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset, August 11 to September 1. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

HOLIDAYS alone? You will find good company if you go on an "Erna Low party to the continent (Austria, Denmark, Italy, France) or join an international house party in Britain. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

P.S. Look on the wine when it is red and the Mediterranean when it is blue. Two weeks in a charmingly placed villa by the sea at Menaggio, 28gns. inclusive.

P.P.S. Hit the high spots in Switzerland, 17 days at 8,000 feet, 23gns. (for students and ex-students of recent vintage).

P.P.P.S. Write to Harold Ingham at 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, or ring Harrow 1040.

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TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. L. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Sussex Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

DALEY'S Typewriting and Duplicating, 2 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Tel. HOL. 5157.

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COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

ALL kinds of typewriting work. Accurate. Moderate charges. Mercy Crowhurst, 3 Laurel Bank, Storrington, Sussex.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB. 3772.) First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

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SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

THE Chelsea Froebel School. Recognised by the Ministry of Education. Entire staff fully qualified Froebel teachers. Pre-preparatory school for children aged 4-9 years. 8 Elm Park Rd., Chelsea, S.W.3. (Phs. 9247.) Principal, Lady Edwards (H.N.F.U. Teacher's Cert.).

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking. There is now only one Dane Court Prep. School for Boys. Sensible schooling in appropriate setting. Good food. Rest. fees. No evg. prep.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. Two premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs., is a co-educational boarding school where, in a happy atmosphere and ideal surroundings, children from 4 to 13 are given a sound educational foundation.

PINEWOOD, Anmerwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 7-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boarders. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. O. Price, Principal, Ravensbourne 3272.

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 3 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk Coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cheerfulness. Encouraging gd. food and very pleasant background. Pinewoods & sea. Prosp.: Stisted Hall, Suffolk.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc.; Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

STUDIO Nursery School, 6 Carlton Hill, N.W.8. 2-4 years. Mornings 9-12, afternoons 2-5 or full day. Greatest care is taken to satisfy the particular needs essential to this age group.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby (Recog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No., 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. "The Cradle Will Rock," play with music. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. only.

ARTS (Tem. 3334): 7 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. Shaw Festival. Prog. 4. Mems.

WATERGATE Theatre (TRA. 6261). July 3-22. "Sex and Seraphim" by L. E. Jones. Produced by Ellen Pollock. 7 p.m. (exc. Mons.). Festival Mem'ship: 5s. 1 mth.

GORKY'S "Mothers"—reading directed by Frederick Piffard, with Caron Rock, Michael Golden, Martin Lawrence, etc. Sun., July 1, 7.30. SCR., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., July 1, 7.30. "Madchen Hinter Gittern" (A).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until July 1: Olivier and Leigh in "Lady Hamilton" (A). From July 2: Yves Allegret's "Une Si Jolie Petite Plage." (A).

BRITAIN-China. 3 dates next week for local showings "Daughters of China" (prizewinning Chinese film). Member British Delegation to China will speak on each occasion. Wimbledon: Tues., July 3, 7.30, Merton Public Hall, Kingston Rd. (speaker, Mrs. E. Henrotte), adm. 1s. 6d. Peckham: Thurs., July 5, 7.30, Large Co-op. Hall, Peckham Rye (Mrs. Henrotte), adm. 1s. 1s 6d. Enfield, Fri., July 6, 7.30, Enfield Highway Co-op. Hall (Miss B. England), adm. 1s. 1s. 6d. Tickets from Britain-China Friendship Assocn., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2. (Stpd. addr. env. please.)

NEW Era Film Club. "Wozzeck", the most outstanding film yet produced in Eastern Germany (Eng. commentary), "This Was Japan" (G.B.), "Unity is Strength" film produced for the A.E.U. Showing Thurs. & Fri., July 5 & 6, at 7.30 in Centr. London. Trs. & membship.: A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LAN. 6593). End of Season Film Show & Social on Fri., June 29 at 7.45 p.m. at 81 Portland Place, W.1. All welcome. Refreshments.

HAMPSTEAD Film Society—July 5 Summer Film Show "From Birds to Ballet." Membership enquiries PRImrose 1598.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, Sat., July 28, to Sat., Sept. 22. Nightly (Sundays excepted), at 7.30. Prospectus now on Sale (send 6d. postal order). All tickets for the First and Last Concerts have been allocated. Tickets, numbered and reserved, 7s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d. Un-numbered Orchestra 3s. available, by postal application only, from Monday, July 2, till Saturday, July 14, from Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7, and usual Agents. Thereafter normal booking arrangements. Season Tickets: Promenade (Arena or Gallery) (excluding last concert). Whole Series 36s. 6d., Half Series 21s. Obtainable from Monday, July 2, by postal application only, from Royal Albert Hall. Postal applications with envelope marked "Proms" in top left-hand corner, giving alternative dates and prices, must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to the appropriate Booking Office and not to the British Broadcasting Corporation.

ORIANA Madrigal Society. Conductor: Charles Kennedy Scott. Wigmore Hall, Tues., July 3, at 7. Madrigals, Motets, Part Songs, &c., by Wilbye, Morley, Bennet, Gelibel, Rubbra, Holst, Barber, etc. Unaccompanied Folk Songs: Cecil Cope. 9s., 6s., 3s., from the Hall (Wel. 2141), or Eric Whittemore, 136 Petersham Rd., Richmond. (Ric. 4342.)

INVITATION Pianoforte Recital by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, Thurs., July 12, at 7. Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 109a Earl's Court Rd., W.8. Stamped addressed envelope must accompany all applics. by post.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Folksong Recital by Hilde Beal (soprano) and Rudolph Sabor (piano). Sunday, July 1 at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

GRILLER Quartet: Sibelius, Beethoven op. 132. Mayflower Barn, Jordans, Sat., July 7, 8 p.m. Trs. 5s. fr. J. Valentine, Nine Elms, Jordans, Bucks. Trains Marylebone.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Saturday, 30th, at 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LAN. 6593). Dancing to a first-class band Sat., July 7 from 7.30-11 at 81 Portland Place, W.1. Adm. 2s. members, guests 3s.

FESTIVAL of Britain River Cruise with private party, June 30. Details, Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

TO celebrate the opening of the Princess Tsahai Memorial Hospital in Ethiopia, Garden Party at The Holme, Bedford College, Regent's Park, on July 10, 3 p.m.-10 p.m. Speakers: Wendy Hiller, Donald Wolfit, Lord Winster, Sylvia Pankhurst. Exhibition of pictures and sculpture from private collections—Gainsborough, Deschamps, Dobson, Henry Moore, Epstein, H. V. Lanchester, Mosheh Oved. Concert, dancing. Entrance 2s. 6d. 1s. after 6 p.m.

WMA Fes. Garden Party, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. June 30, 2.30. Adm. 3d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints. The whole range on show at 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner Lincoln's Inn Fields), every day 9.0-6.0 & Sat. mornings.

EXHIBITION of British Silverwork, including ceremonial plate, by contemporary craftsmen. Goldsmiths Hall, Foster Lane. Cheapside. July 2 to August 31. 10.30 to 6.30 daily, except Sundays. Adm. 1s.

WILLIAM Hogarth. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Weekdays 10-6. Suns 2-6. Adm. free.

LOUIS Le Brocquy. Recent Oils & Tapestries. Opening July 3: Recent Sculpture and Paintings by Robert Adams. Gimpel Fils, 30 South Molton St., W.1.

TEMPERA Paintings by William Blake, an exhibition arranged in conjunction with The William Blake Trust. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 21. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6., Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., Old Bond St., W.1. Sickert—Forty of his finest paintings. Dly. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

SICKERT Exhibition. South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6, Sats. 10-5. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Recent Paintings by Graham Sutherland. Week-days 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings and Drawings by Johanan Simon (of Israel) and Chenoch Lieberman. Daily (except Sat.) 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until July 4.

SIXTY Paintings for '51. An Arts Council Exhibition of Contemporary Works specially painted for the Festival. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Open till July 31. Weekdays 10-5, inc. Sats. Adm. 1s.

MATTHEW Smith. New Paintings and earlier works; 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1; Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

SOUTH Bank Past and Present. 2,000 years on Thames-side. County Hall adj. Festival. 10-8 ex. Sun. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

BRITISH Painting 1925-50 (Second Anthology). New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till July 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. 1s.

ROYAL Hospital, Chelsea. Important exhibition of Chelsea China. Daily, 11-7, Suns. 2.30-5. Adm. 1s. Illus. catalogue 2s.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhibition till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

TWENTY Bronze St. Opens July 4. New paintings by John Christoforou.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Also latest arrangements by Betty Massingham, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

DISPLAY of Czechoslovak Products, at Lidice House, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Open from Sat., June 16, till July 1. Open daily from 12 noon to 9 p.m. Sundays 2.30 to 9 p.m. All welcome. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters: Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Renoir, etc. Dly., 10-5. Sat., 10-12.

NEW Paintings of London by Piero Sansalvadore. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Until July 6. 10-5. Sat. 10-1. In aid of The Save the Children Fund.

IRVING Gallery, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Portraits and other Paintings by Marjorie Heath. Until July 14.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Members' Summer Show. Also A.I.A. 1951 Lithographs & Picture-Lending Library. 11-6 Sats. included.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOCIALISM and Rearmament—2nd Conference on Arms and Foreign Policy." Sat., July 14 at 2.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Spkrs.: John Freeman, M.P., and Denis Healey. 1s. 6d., Tea 1s. Appl.: Conference Sec., Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

DR. HELEN Darbishire on "Wordsworth," Sat., June 30, at 3 p.m. Pamela Hansford Johnson on "The English Novel," Tues., July 3, at 6.15, Lecture Hall, Victoria & Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. July 1: Joseph McCabe. "More's Utopia." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SHAW Soc. ramble, July 1: unspoilt Essex. Meet Liv. St. (by Platf. 14) 10.20. Forthcoming: "Sagittarius," Jill Balcon, Compton Mackenzie. Memb. 10s. 6d. a year (45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18).

G. D. H. COLE on "Socialist Philosophies and Present Problems," Hampstead Town Hall, July 3, 8 p.m., in aid of Harold Laski Memorial Fund. 1s. Hamp. L.P.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. July 5th: Lecture on design and public taste by Antonin Heythum. 10th: Opening "Growth & Form" Exhibition by Le Corbusier. 12th: Lecture: Modern Architecture by Philip Johnson. 14th: Reception to Architectural Congress delegates.

JUST Back From Poland! Members of biggest ever British Trade Union delegation to visit Eastern Europe will give eye-witness accounts of how they live and work in Poland to-day and will answer questions at The Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1, on Friday, July 13, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 6d. from British-Polish Friendship Socy., 81 Portland Place, W.1. LAN. 6593.

BRIGHTON: "War is Unnecessary." Duke of Bedford speaks in Pavilion Theatre, July 6, 7.30; and Sir John Pratt on "Korea." Friends' Centre, July 10, 7.30.

M. L. BURNET: "Tolstoy and Lenin." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., July 1, at 11 a.m.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Art in Israel's Communal Settlements." Lecture by Johanan Simon. Wed., July 4 at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Mon., July 2, 6.30 p.m. at P.E.P., 16 Queen Annes Gate, S.W.1. Reception for visiting Comrades for Democratic Action. Adm. 2s. includes buffet.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 7 at 6 p.m. Señor Juan P. Fabregas: Desenvolvimiento economico-social en la America Latina.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., Public Lecture, Wed., July 4, 6.30. "Aspects of American Buddhism." Mr. R. Robinson.

"CARE of Children in Hungary." Lecture by Mrs. Rose Kosky, just returned from Hungary, on Thurs., July 5 at 8 p.m. Chairman: Mrs. Beatrice King. Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Adm. free.

PACIFIST Service. All Religions. 11 a.m. July 1. Denison House Hall, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Nr. Victoria Stn. Preacher: Swami Avyaktananda.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place. Marble Arch. All welc. July 1: The Dual Aspect of Wisdom.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue on Ethical and Religious Education. J. B. Coates and Virginia Fleming, Conway Hall, Wed., July 4, at 7.30 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanatanda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. July 5: "Who is an Incarnation of God?" All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PRESENT Question Conference, 1951, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from August 4-11. Theme: Freedom and Responsibility in the experience of the Historian, Politician, Educator, Architect, Philosopher, Humanist, Pure Science, Applied Science, The Manager and Worker, etc. Speakers: H. J. Blackham, Mrs. K. M. Bliss, Dr. J. Bronowski, A. E. Carritt, Sir John D. Cockcroft, R. H. S. Crossman, Sir Wilfrid Garrett, W. W. Hogarth, Emile de Groot, Dr. E. Lampert, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Dr. H. Oldham, Herbert Read, Clifton Robbins, Prof. F. E. Simon, Wells Coates, The Earl of Verulam, J. F. Wolfenden. Enquiries: The Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

THE National Under-Fourteens Council announces a Part-time Training Course for workers in Junior Clubs and Play Centres, to be held in London from September, 1951, to July, 1952. The Course will be in charge of a qualified tutor. Further particulars from Donald Sutherland, 20 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

A Centre for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English For Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

HANOVER School of Higher Education and Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Day and Evening Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Exchange Visits. Accommodation, etc., arranged. Post School Course for Girls, Citizenship, Languages, Secretarial. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

JOURNALISM and Publicity. Practical tuition by working newspaper and periodical journalists. Small groups. Central London. Wed. evgs. Write details, Box 3916.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

WADHAM College, Oxford, July 13 to 17. Mr. Basil Gray on Painting in India. Mr. W. G. Archer on Modern Indian Painting. Mr. Salman Ali on Pakistani Literature. Mr. Khushwant Singh on Indian Literature. Mr. Basham on Classical Sanskrit Poetry, the High Commissioner for Ceylon on the Culture of Ceylon, Mr. John Irwin on Problems of Indo-European Art, Mr. D. E. Barrett on Amaravati Sculpture. Also concert of Indian Music and visits to the Bodleian Library and the Museum of Eastern Art. Full particulars from the Hon. Secretary, Royal India Pakistan & Ceylon Society, 3 Victoria St., S.W.1.

PROGRESSIVE League Summer Conference, Sept. 1-8, at Eastchurch, Sheppey (five minutes from beach). Programme will include David Shillan: "States, Nations, and Communities in Europe," J. Locke: "Leisure and the New National Parks," Dr. R. W. Kosterlitz: "Body and Mind," Philip Keeler: "The Medical Non-Conformist and the Health Service," Alec Craig: "The Prospects of Progress." Recreations: Sea-bathing, tennis, ballroom and country dancing, music and poetry. Fees: £6, Children under 12: £3. Apply Hon. Sec., 43 West Park, S.E.9 (ELT. 1761). Deposit of £1 accepted. Programme and brochure of Eastchurch available.

FABIAN Summer Schools: Glyn House, Broadstairs August 11-18. "The Principles of Socialism." Director, G. D. H. Cole. August 18-25, Foreign Policy. Director: John Haire, M.P. Frensham Heights, Farnham Surrey, August 18-25, "New Paths in Labour Thinking." Director: John Parker, M.P. Enquiries, applications: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

MODERN Ballet Summer Course, Ernest Berk, July 23—Aug. 18. Four Classes daily. Apply: Secretary, London School of Modern Ballet, 72 The Grampians, W.6. SHE. 4773. Next term starts Sept. 24, for prof. training and open Classes.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley. Three Summer Schools in Pottery, Weaving and other Crafts. July 22-Aug. 4; Aug. 5-18; Aug. 9-Sept. 1. Details from Principal.

INNSBRUCK University International Summer School at Mayrhofen in the Tyrol. Magnificent scenery, swimming, tennis, climbing and local tours. Dancing, concerts and good company. Inclusive 23 days, London to London, 32 guineas. Apply to: Innsbruck University Summer Courses, 143 New Bond St., London, W.1. Mayfair 0942.

ALPBACH European Forum. The Austrian College Society's seventh International Summer Seminar in the Tyrol, August 17 to September 8, 32 guineas inclusive. Apply to Alpbach European Forum, 143 New Bond St., London, W.1. Telephone Harrow 1040.

SEE Spain, Ltd., offer special Spanish Language & Educational Course in Madrid July 1 to 30 and Aug. 1 to 30. Fully incl. London back to London. £57 per person. Full details on request to: See Spain, Ltd., Dept. 78, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

SAILING School & camping hol. during Aug. in Devon. Canoes, dinghies, 4- & 9-tonners. Four Winds, Highfield, Lerchworth.

SUMMER Courses in France and Italy. Cannes, 30 days, 38 guineas (special reduction for University students). Venice and Lake Garda, 21 days, 34 guineas inclusive. Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. HAR-row 1040.

A "FOREIGN Holiday in England." Join an international House Party by the sea or near London and spend an enjoyable open-air holiday with professional and university people from many countries. Foreign language tuition and exchange, tennis, bathing, excursions. Mid-July-beginning September. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Kensington 0911.

HOLIDAY Music Week. August 11-18, at Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorkshire; Orchestral, Choral and Listening Groups, chamber music, recorders, madrigals, full recreational programme. Parties from Sec., c/o Geo. A. Williams, Ltd., Darlington.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

IRELAND. "Carrig." Blessington, Co. Wicklow. Small house in delightful country near Dublin with 11 acres, for Auction, July 5. Reasonable reserve. Full particulars from Swaine & Quirke, M.I.A.A., Estate Agents, Kildare St., Dublin.

FOREST Hill. Beautiful situation overlkg. London facing park. Entirely detached, secluded. Sturdy cottage type, 4 bed. Garage space. 1-acre children's outdoor playroom. Help. Freehold £3,500. Box 3976.

CINEMA-Theatre S. Coast freehold avail., or would consider other reas. arrangements. Mixon, 1 Osborne Rd., Southampton.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 757, 758, 759

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